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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME XI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1934 — NUMBER 23

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE NEW DEAL

Above: Aristotle, Machiavelli, Locke; below, Jefferson, Madison, Hoover. "The master idea behind the New Deal—American society is a collectivity of particular interests."

Behind the New Deal

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

WHAT are the intellectual sources of the New Deal? What is the genesis of the ideas which in combination or confusion, or both, have furnished inspiration and guidance to the sponsors of this program or melange for the United States?

These questions are now being asked by citizens who are trying to get their bearings amid the flow of opinions which deluges the country. It is proper that they should be asked. Ideas do have a place in the making of history. Even the most practical person in the world will scarcely admit that he has no idea of what he is trying to do. But ideas are elusive things and cannot be isolated for examination in a test tube or under a microscope. Nor is their origin easily traceable. Where do ideas come from? There are few today who think that they come out of the blue in the form of divine revelation to favored observers of the sky. Perhaps the most widely accepted conviction is that ideas come out of past history as it actually was and are transformed, more or less, in the alembic of contemporary thinking. This at least seems to be the safer view. Such is the assumption here openly confessed.

But before we can profitably seek for the sources of the ideas incorporated in the New Deal, we must first ask ourselves: "Is there a supreme idea behind the New Deal giving form to its practice?" If there is, then all minor ideas are subordinate to the master pattern of thought or are excrescences to be neglected or cut off.

The first quest then is for that supreme idea. How may we find it? The sources are the speeches, books, articles, proclamations, executive orders, decisions, and statements of President Roosevelt, extending over a long period of years. The sources also include similar materials supplied by Henry A. Wallace, Harold Ickes, Claude Augustus Swanson, and various ministers and high officials. They embrace the thoughts and actions of Raymond Moley, Felix Frankfurter, Rexford Tugwell, Donald Richberg, A. A. Berle, and other intimate counsellors and advisers welcome at the White House. To these sources must be added the words and deeds of political advisers ranging from Bernard Baruch and Carter Glass on the right to Bronson Cutting, Robert M. La-Follette, and Elmer Thomas on the left. All these ideas are not printed and known; many have been merely whispered in the great wind tunnel at Washington and are not recorded for the benefit of inquiring historians. But a few of them are set down in black and white. And the actions or practices of the New Deal are exhibited in the statutes, executive orders, and administrative decisions of the Federal Government since 1933.

In this vast whirling mass of opinions and decisions is any master idea or pattern of thought visible to observation: that is, a master idea or pattern which is self-consistent and devoid of primary contradictions? There is none. Yet there is discernible the shadowy outline of an idea, which may be set forth in the following shape.

In the New Deal American society is pictured as a congeries of particular interests—agriculture and industry, labor and capital, business and finance. This conception of American society was set forth by President Roosevelt in his San Francisco speech during the campaign of 1932 and has been reiterated since, with special emphasis in his address before the American Bankers Association in Washington in October, 1934.

The idea of American society as a congeries of particular interests is not new. It appears in the writings of James Madison, the Father of the Constitution, whom Mr. Roosevelt has quoted more than once. Though old, the idea had almost dropped out of sight during the closing years of the nineteenth century. Indeed it had become almost indecent to mention the idea at the opening of the twentieth century. With universal suffrage and universal education came the thought that American society is an affiliation of free and equal individuals, each struggling for his place in the sun and winning according to his merits. Of course, a few idealists and all hard-boiled politicians devoted to practice knew better, but no President openly admitted that American society was a congeries of particular interests and operated on this hypothesis in front of the scenes.

Such is the master idea behind the New Deal—American society is a collectivity of particular interests. What then is the role of government? It is to get these interests working together producing prosperity. This role government must perform with the least possible interference with "the normal functioning" of these interests. But, as President Roosevelt said to the bankers last October, government must be the leader and the judge. It must interfere for the reason that the way in which interests were functioning in March, 1933, eventuated in distress and calamity. It must lead and judge, because these interests struggling alone produce poverty and misery.

Such leadership and judging must, in the nature of things, make changes in the previous methods of interest-functioning. What changes? These are manifest in the legislation of the New Deal. They involve not a dissolution of particular interests, but a closer organization of the great interests — agriculture, industry, banking,

Acute Propaganditis

MOBILIZING FOR CHAOS. By O. W. Riegel. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILL IRWIN

AMONG the curiosities of current literature, this has always seemed the strangest to me: that both pedants and broad scholars should have ignored anything so important to the modern world as journalism, and especially news-journalism. During that century when it was making itself indispensable to democracy and even to the business of living, this trade, articulate about everything else, maintained a strange reticence about itself. "The nerves of the modern world" we used to call it in those days when the nerves were performing their normal function of carrying impulses and impressions from one part of the body politic to another. During the past decade those nerves have developed symptoms resembling neurasthenia and neuralgia; and only now, with the disease of "propaganditis" in its most acute stage, have scholarly minds gone forth to find what it is all about.

Mr. Riegel is one of these pioneers. He has set himself an impossibly large task; to describe the pollution of news, for special and nationalistic ends, in all nations and in all languages. The task is the more difficult because he has few reliable documents for sources, since propaganda is a process as secret and devious as a Chicago racket. The critic who is himself informed on the subject can pick flaws both in statement and in interpretation. Mr. Riegel gives a wrong date, for example, for the establishment of the Nauen war-news service in Germany, and much underestimates its influence. And sometimes he seems to me less than fair in his attitude toward the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. Yet in the main, this is a triumph of the higher reporting; his broad statements square with the ex-

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The Punishment and the Crime

CRIMINOLOGY. By Albert Morris. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by AUSTIN H. MACCORMICK

GILBERT and Sullivan are the only criminologists to whom this reviewer refers constantly with the knowledge that their views on the subject are uniformly sound. The late Thomas Mott Osborne never lectured on crime without at least one reference to what the enterprising burglar does when he's not a-burgling, or letting the punishment fit the crime, or the virtues of open piracy when contrasted with respectability.

But some exceedingly good books about crime and criminals have been written during the last few years, and Albert Morris's "Criminology" is one of them. He has written it with his eyes and ears and mind open and his feet solidly on the ground. He has surveyed the many excellent studies made during the last decade and comments on the findings with penetration and vigor and courage. Finally, his book is fresh and readable, for which God be praised, since the poor prison official's reading grist so often consists of reports and statistical tables that are bone-dry. It will make a good textbook, but it can be and should be read by workers in the field as well as students.

Those of us who are dealing every day with criminals, in or out of prison, are inclined to read few texts on criminology. Most wardens and many administrators of penal systems, the undersigned included, would flunk an examination that any good graduate student of sociology could pass. Our failure to read is not entirely caused by lack of time. It is rather because of a feeling that there are two groups in the field—those who actually deal with crime and those who write about it—and that we who are in the first group know so much more than the others

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WHAT IS A STORY?
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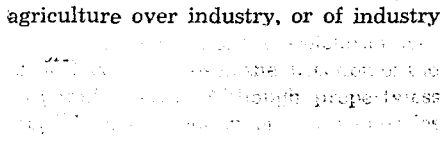
and labor. Industrialists are to organize, police themselves, and adjust production to demand. Farmers are to organize, police themselves, and adjust production to demand. Labor is to organize and bargain collectively with employers. Bankers must "pull together" and coöperate with government.

Such changes, however, are not enough. At all events they have not produced social harmony and prosperity. In leading and judging, the Federal Government lays hold of the "natural" distribution of wealth. It taxes consumers to pay farmers for coöperation in the curtailment of production. It taxes the possessors of large incomes to support "public" functions and stimulate private industries, including the munitions and armament industries. It evidently hopes to get the collectivity of interests into successful operation through self-government and some alteration in the "natural" distribution of wealth.

Embraced within the idea of American society as a balance of interests maintained in operating harmony is the subsidiary idea of facilitating the process of equilibration by preventing what may be called the "unnatural" distribution of wealth—stock gambling, the formation of robber holding companies, high financing, and exorbitant rates for utility services. In other words, private gains and profits by paper manipulations and resort to the main chance are to be materially reduced. The reduction is to be effected in part by prohibitions and by bringing a "yardstick" to bear on private utility concerns. In part also it is to be effected by lowering the rate of interest on loans for shipbuilders, railways, farmers, and home owners more or less heavily involved in debt.

Expressed in summary form, then, the fundamental idea of the New Deal is a coördination of classes and the maintenance of balance by regulation and by a certain control over the distribution of wealth. It does not contemplate the supremacy of agriculture over industry, or of industry



are concentrated on saving the owners of property—farms, homes, stocks, and bonds—by protecting them more or less against the ingenious operations of the great and powerful. For the merciless law of the jungle, the New Deal would substitute balance, equilibrium, and protection.

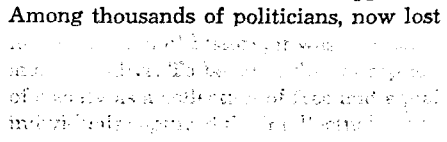
Where did this collection of ideas enclosed in a larger idea come from? Certainly not from Marxism or fascism. It is far older in origins in both American and European political thinking. The conception of society as a collectivity of interests and of history as reflecting a continuous conflict of interests is to be found in Aristotle's "Politics" written more than two thousand years ago. The idea that agriculture forms a secure basis of a strong and virtuous society stems from the same source. The conception of statecraft as the art of balancing interests is to be found in the advice which Machiavelli gave to the Prince. This old heritage of thought was developed and applied in England during the seventeenth century by Harrington and Locke. It was well known to the Fathers of the American Republic—to Hamilton, Madison, Gouverneur Morris, Charles Pinckney, Jefferson, and all educated members of that remarkable fraternity. It was set forth with great cogency and precision in the writings of James Madison, with especial conciseness in Number X of the *Federalist*. Even the possible overthrow of the propertied classes by the propertyless masses was forecast with astounding acumen by Madison long before Karl Marx was born, and the materialistic conception of sociology and history was accepted by John Adams *in palazzo* if not *in piazza*.

Taking this heritage of thought, which had been thoroughly Americanized by 1780 at least, Jefferson went back to Aristotle in one respect and came to the conclusion that the agricultural interest composed of free and upstanding farmers was the only guarantee for the perpetuity of the Republic. It alone offered a secure and honorable way of life. In Jefferson's eyes traders, merchants, bankers, and paper manipulators of all kinds were lacking in firm attachment to their country and largely responsible for the gambling spirit so dangerous to society. He believed that the "mobs" of the great cities were "sores" on the body politic, likely to be swayed by the rich or to make brawls and revolutions. He wanted to keep workshops and the working classes with their manners and morals in Europe and to preserve the ascendancy of agriculture in American life.

Andrew Jackson likewise carried on the agricultural tradition, but with more tenderness for the "mechanics" of the cities. His heart was with the former, but cities were growing anyway and mechanics were flocking to his banner as he smote with might and main the United States Bank, Nicholas Biddle, and other agencies of "great wealth."

On one thing Jefferson and Jackson were in perfect agreement. They believed that an equitable distribution of wealth would occur automatically, if no "special privileges" were granted by government to any person, corporation, or "monied" interest. Here is one root of the faith manifest by the New Dealers in the "natural" distribution of wealth throughout the collectivity of interests as long as certain excrescences are kept off the body politic. Of course it has sources in various economic writings and has been preached by bourgeois economists, but it seems safe to assume that American politicians know more about Jefferson and Jackson than about Ricardo and Harriet Martineau.

Society is a collectivity of interests. Politics is a conflict of interests. The supremacy of agriculture is to be desired. There is a "natural" distribution of wealth in society, if government grants no special privileges to private interests. Such was the heritage of political thought bequeathed by Madison, Jefferson, and Jackson. Although great capitalism with its factories, cities, railways, and working classes rolled over the American continent, the heritage never disappeared. Among thousands of politicians, now lost



lessors, pedagogues, and urban orators, but politicians knew better than to operate on the theory, no matter how much they celebrated it on the platform. And even the intellectuals could see that slave owners were a class as well as a few hundred thousand bifurcated and unfeathered mortals.

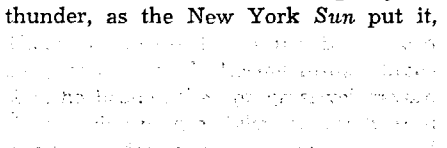
After the Civil War the conception of society as a collectivity of interests appeared again above the smoke of battle. Labor reformers, Greenbackers, and Populists revived it. They were waging war on the new plutocracy. They designated the plutocracy as an interest opposed to public interest, namely, their interest. Then the spokesmen of great industry replied by saying that there were no classes in America, only free and equal individuals, each rewarded in rank and wealth according to his thrift, industry, and virtue. Academic economists, who might have known better, generally joined in defense of individualism against reformism, greenbackism, and populism. So apart from the cranks and the lunatic fringe, our best people hotly rejected the idea of society as a collectivity of conflicting interests and demonstrated to their satisfaction that it was a collection of struggling individuals rewarded according to merit. How beautiful upon the mountains were the feet of them that brought glad tidings!

But the submerged tradition survived. It broke out in populism in the early nineties—in the great agrarian revolt. Its formulas with additions may be read in the long populist platform of 1892. There is declared the solidarity of "rural and civic labor" against "capitalists, corporations, national banks, rings." There is declared a demand for a graduated income tax, government ownership of railways, telegraph, and telephone, and a recovery of lands held for speculative purposes. There is a positive call for government intervention in the "natural" distribution of wealth and for government ownership on a large scale. To these items were later added a demand for the dissolution of great combinations in restraint of trade. Appealing to the agrarian interest especially, but with gestures to urban labor in the Jacksonian style, William J. Bryan captured the populist party in 1896 and went down to defeat.

Then came "the glorious little war" with Spain, imperialism, manifest destiny, moral obligation to benighted people, and all that thimblerigging. For a time Madison, Jefferson, Jackson, Charles O'Connor, and Sockless Jerry Simpson were lost to sight. Great combinations of capital grew in spite of the "trust busting." Everything was getting bigger and better. America was a "world power" with responsibilities abroad.

But underneath the American heritage was at work and by this time the socialists had begun to add to the ferment.

In 1912 came another upheaval in the American tradition. Although the old agrarian dream of agriculture's supremacy had been exploded in fact, agrarianism was still active. Stealing Bryan's thunder, as the New York *Sun* put it,



in cities that everybody could move to town, live in tenements, and thrive on asphalt. Yet the chief support for Theodore Roosevelt among practical politicians came from the agrarian states of the West.

Out of the mêlée emerged the Progressive platform of 1912. In this document are combined many strands of thought: government intervention in the "natural" distribution of wealth, government control over corporations anticipating NRA, the protective tariff, the recognition of agriculture and provisions for the development of agricultural credit and coöperation, the issue of currency as a government function, control over resources and water power sites, and other features forecasting the New Deal. Indeed it could be said that the New Deal stems most immediately from the Progressive platform of 1912.

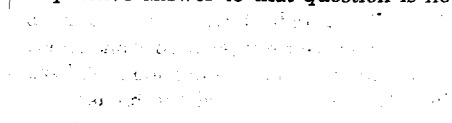
Next came the New Freedom and the World War, and a revival of industrial capitalism on a scale more vast than in 1898. Agriculture was sinking, agrarians were protesting, and yet industrialism was triumphant, until the cataclysm of 1929. Once more the accumulating American tradition was revived. Madison, Jefferson, Jackson, populists, and progressives were heard in the land. In the turmoil Franklin D. Roosevelt framed his program on an all-around view of interests—business and banking, agriculture and industry—"the all-American team," as he called it.

If the above analysis is correct, then the fundamental idea behind the New Deal embraces great capitalism, with its gigantic technology and corporations, and small capitalism with its petty enterprises, shops, farms, houses, and filling stations. The former is to be controlled loosely by government and its profits curtailed by regulation, taxation, and pressure. The latter is to have a freer hand, but it is to be subjected in places to coöperative regimentation.

Can the idea be made to work in practice? Nobody knows, not even Bruce Barton. Experience thus far has revealed only a limited success at best, and the gains may be mere spurts started by novel forms of government intervention. If the idea does work in practice, the "laws" of old capitalism will be exploded. Hitherto in such depressions, the rule of the jungle has prevailed. Mortgages have been foreclosed, railways have gone into bankruptcy, factories have been put up for sale, and prices and wages have been slashed to the bone. The weak have been thrust down into the pit, and property has passed at low figures to new hands capable of making it function on the new terms of acquisition. Under the New Deal all property owners are to be saved, even from the consequence of their own folly; inflated structures are to be upheld by the props of public credit—as long as it will last. Can it be done?

Nobody knows, though all may freely guess.

If the idea succeeds in practice, will new depressions be avoided forever and ever? A positive answer to that question is not



may never be accomplished, despite the dream that haunts mankind, but certainly the New Deal does not attack the depression from that angle.

Associated with the New Deal, but not original with it, is another idea expressed bluntly by Herbert Hoover: "No American shall starve." Considered from the standpoint of pure economics there is no reason why Americans should not be allowed to starve, unless forsooth it be supposed that hungry multitudes might upset the fair pageant of property and State. There was a time in the history of capitalism when the poverty of the poor was ascribed by its apologists, the economists, to the improvidence of the masses, to thriftlessness, bad habits, and too many babies. Misery and the threat of starvation, it was said, acted as a check on population and as a salutary warning to the thoughtless masses. It is true that few, if any, economists ever proposed to withhold private charity from the poor, not even Herbert Spencer. Few, if any, were prepared to accept the conclusions of their own logic, but all the orthodox were convinced fifty years ago that State intervention in the struggle for existence was a violation of "natural" law and bound to make matters worse. Strictly speaking, if gifts to the improvident augmented improvidence, private charity was as evil as State aid; yet none seemed to have the courage to say it and suppress charity.

In previous panics "natural" law took its course. The unemployed and poverty-stricken had to shift for themselves, with meagre grants from Lord and Lady Bountiful—and from neighboring poor not yet in the abyss. In this tragic hour, however, no one is to starve. President Hoover announced the new phraseology and hoped that private charity might do the job. Charity tried, but the task was too large. Thereupon President Roosevelt began federal aid on a monumental scale. Before many months had passed, seventeen or eighteen million Americans were receiving government grants, and the number does not seem to be diminishing. Certainly it may be said with assurance that the

Antiphon for the Nativity

By MARY PARMENTER

Men: O Thou whose long-expected message ran
Even to the fields of Pollio; Thou whose birth
Was manifested to the rich governors
As well as to the simple of the earth,
Come, soon.
Women: We who have feasted sumptuously
On the knowledge of good and evil, who have come
To know ourselves to the husks;
Men: We prodigals
Who have spent our souls to save our substance, roam
Poor exiled sons of Eve, in the wilderness,
Bruising our heels against the serpent's teeth.
Women: And we, Adam's daughters, putting forth our hands
For bitter apples, await Thee in this our death.
Men: We have prepared a place for Thee, O Word!
Come, now. We shepherds who know not husbandry
Have swept a manger bare.
Women: And there we watch—
Handmaidens whose lamps are low, whose breasts are dry.

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Administrator, Harry L. Hopkins, has taken a realistic view of the appalling situation, has cast off all trivial clichés about the poor, and has acted with skill and promptness. With much justification, Mr. Hopkins may be called the most enlightened and realistic statesman in the whole administration at Washington, not excluding the President himself. However that may be, millions are being kept out of starvation by government intervention with "the natural course of things."

This relief practice based on the slogan that nobody shall starve is generally accepted, despite differences over methods. And it thrusts something new and portentous into the application of the idea that American society is a congeries of interests. Either the millions are to be kept from starving by excrescent institutions or they are to be absorbed into the congeries of interests by some radical adjustments not yet made or in sight. Bread and circuses are easier to manage for a time. Drastic readjustments in the productive system call for titanic energy and courage; they will be resisted at every step. The risks are great. No statesman likes to assume them as long as any other way seems open. Will coming history so narrow the choice as to make the decision appear inexorable? Past history cannot answer that question.

A Handsome Tribute

BLISS, PEACEMAKER. The Life and Letters of General Tasker H. Bliss. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by T. H. THOMAS

BY his peculiarly trusted and confidential relation to Secretary Baker, General Bliss was rather more of an insider than any American official of high rank. His own record of the development of American military policy in the war could have been an invaluable contribution toward clearing up what is still, after fifteen years, the most obscure and the most carefully masked and camouflaged aspect of the whole struggle. It would have been of the more weight because of the rather remarkable position General Bliss came to hold in the American world after the war. Few war-time figures have continued to grow so consistently in general esteem during the post-war years; and in no small degree this came about precisely because Bliss himself took no active hand in the process. He cast no yearning eyes upon the front page. Even when charged in print with having yielded to the wiles of the French and British in an effort to thwart Pershing's independent American army, Bliss did not trouble to speak out in self-defense. (On this point, Colonel Palmer's explanations seem unjustifiably timid and apologetic.)

General Bliss left no Memoirs and apparently kept no diary or journals; in an extreme period of historical self-expression he maintained loyally the discretion of his confidential official relations. For one reason or another Colonel Palmer has perpetuated this attitude, and with all Bliss's papers at his disposal the story they contain remains almost as unknown as before. In Palmer's biography of Secretary Baker, Pershing's sharp criticisms of the War Department were answered by counter-attacks which at least cast some light (for the first time) upon the real questions the Department was facing and the real attitudes of the leading American authorities. This brief glimpse of actualities has been promptly smothered. The sharp angles which are the essential features in Bliss's war record have been deftly smoothed and rounded; and in place of a biographical history Colonel Palmer has gratified all concerned with what in by-gone days was termed a handsome floral tribute.

One fact at least emerges from this disappointing method. From the moment of our declaration of war General Bliss's own conviction was that as large an American army as possible should be got into the war without delay. How or why this recommendation was rejected at the outset, the author does not make clear; his narrative even masks consistently the fact that it was ignored.

The Creator of Karamazov

DOSTOEVSKY. By Avrahm Yarmolinsky. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $3.75.
DOSTOIEVSKY. By Nicholas Berdyaev. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1934.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

STUDENTS of Russian literature will find Mr. Yarmolinsky's biography invaluable. Factually it is the last word on the subject. Not a thread of the available information seems to have escaped the attention of the author. The canvas emerging from Mr. Yarmolinsky's facts is not radically different from Mr. Carr's Dostoievsky, but it is ever so much deeper in color, and the lines are more sharply drawn. Every shade of Dostoievsky's subtle, complex, erotic, and contradictory psychology is in the portrait. The vast amount of personal detail adds a fictional aroma to the story, stressing at the same time the close relation between the great realist's personal life and his work. It reads like a Dostoievsky novel.

DOSTOIEVSKY IN 1858
Photograph taken at Semipalatinsk, Siberia

The fiftieth anniversary of the death of the novelist was commemorated in Europe and in the Russian press by a comprehensive discussion of his political philosophy. Mr. Yarmolinsky does not overlook Dostoievsky's political convictions but is more interested in his religious aspirations. However, Dostoievsky's religion was so thoroughly seasoned with politics that it is impossible to describe the one without revealing the other. But the dominant theme of the present volume is not politics. Against a pietistic background the creator of Karamazov appears more complex and contradictory than ever. The champion of the gospel of love and the sacredness of human life was himself a malevolent hater who detested Germans, French, Swiss, and Jews and abhorred Catholics. In fact, he thoroughly disliked everyone who was not of his own faith and hated those of his own countrymen who disagreed with him. His pacifism was largely a political gesture directed against the socialists and in defense of the monarchy. Russia's bloody activities in Poland he applauded. Dostoievsky would have welcomed a war for the conversion of Western Europe to the orthodox faith. In fact he considered the salvation of misguided Europe his country's duty. In his own person he made not the slightest effort to live according to the precepts of Christ. His Christianity was a political weapon against the revolutionaries and a defense mechanism.

Much has been written about Dostoievsky's prophetic vision as recently revealed in the catastrophic events in Russia. The present biographer concurs with this interpretation. As a matter of fact Dostoievsky's predictions are rather commonplace. They differ little from the prognosis of any other articulate, reactionary Slavophile of that period or any other. These monarchist prophets of evil saw every socialist effort in the struggle for freedom and economic betterment through the eyes of Nachaev, the hero of "The Possessed." The conditions Dostoievsky and his colleagues fought to preserve were not better than the worst evils of Bolshevism. They worshipped the reactionary Alexander III, and would have cringed before Ivan the Terrible. Autocracy, oppression, and persecution did not conflict with their conception of Christianity. Dostoievsky's only original contention—that after the overthrow of the monarchy and the triumph of materialism the intelligentzia would dominate the scene to the detriment of the masses—has failed to materialize. While the Russian intelligentzia was in power the people were free and ever so much happier than they had ever been. It was the destruction of the intelligentzia and Russia's return to despotism that ushered in the state of affairs foretold by Dostoievsky.

Dostoievsky's relations to the three women—his first wife, Pauline Suslova, and his second wife—are given in great detail, but the interpretation does not differ from Carr's. In other words, Suslova's importance is minimized and Dostoievsky's happiness with the "dowdy," commonplace, "cheeseparing," semiliterate second wife, Anna, is exaggerated beyond the limits of reality. Granting the novelist's eroticism, he was aware that Anna was not pretty, was insincere, petty, and did not hesitate to tell his friends that she understood nothing of his business, his writings. He detested mediocrity, and Anna was its very embodiment.

Professor Berdyaev is not concerned with Dostoievsky's life or his personal history, and he is interested only in those of his writings which help to illuminate the author's philosophy of life, and his conception of "Christ, the God-man." In the nine essays in this little volume, Berdyaev endeavors to explain wherein Dostoievsky and Nietzsche saw eye to eye and wherein they differed. They both knew man is free and that "liberty is a tragic and grievous burden to him." But having abandoned humanism, Nietzsche turned toward the superman, the man-god. Dostoievsky on the other hand fought the self-deification of man and found his ideal in Christ, the God-man.

In developing this philosophy the author is continually tripped up by Dostoievsky's life and contradictions. Thus, according to Dostoievsky, Belinsky, Nekrasov, Chernoshevsky, Turgenev, and all the other socialists and radicals who defended the masses were Antichrist because they deified the people. At the same time, in his fight against materialism and the things his radical opponents defended, he himself glorified the masses and their opposition to materialism. It is difficult to demonstrate that a man of Dostoievsky's conflicting psychology saw Christ, or approached him spiritually. Little wonder that so profound a student of Christianity as Merejkovsky, according to Berdyaev, in his book on Tolstoy and Dostoievsky was unable to tell Christ from Antichrist. Neither Tolstoy nor Dostoievsky was free from uncertainty. However, the former undoubtedly understood the precepts of Christ better than the latter. Dostoievsky in his declaration of faith, after asserting "that there is nothing more beautiful, more profound, more sympathetic, more reasonable, more manly, and more perfect than Christ," continues: "and I tell myself with jealous love that not only is there nothing but indeed there can be nothing." This rather pagan adoration is immediately followed by a note of doubt. "Furthermore, if anyone proved to me that Christ is outside the truth and it really was a fact that the truth was outside of Christ, I would rather remain with Christ than with the truth." What is Dostoievsky's conception of remaining with Christ? Does that imply the following of Christ's ideals? Not at all. According to Dostoievsky, Christ's teaching can only be realized by angels in heaven. But angels in heaven obviously need not struggle to be kind, merciful, and loving, and this is therefore the direct opposite of his own credo, since he maintained that the Christian ideals could only be reached through an inner struggle and suffering.

Christ's overpowering influence upon humanity was derived through personal sacrifice and mercy towards sinners. Dostoievsky's was largely a matter of the printed word. He suffered with the Karamazovs and other characters who peopled his books because they embodied all his vices. The definite impression conveyed by the Slav realist is that only the sinners are sure of salvation, notwithstanding Berdyaev's assertion that only the ignorant, who do not understand Dostoievsky, receive this impression. Christ absolved the sinner, but He did not sin Himself. This all-important fact seems to escape those who insist upon writing about Dostoievsky in terms of the ideals of Christ.

The Good Old Days

THE SENTIMENTAL YEARS: 1836-1860. *By E. Douglas Branch. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company.* 1934. $4.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

ANYONE who has a taste for the past, and who would know how his immediate ancestors reacted to the world about them, will find Mr. Branch's book most engaging reading. Less than a century gone, the "sentimental years" of which he writes wear an aspect at once quaint and endearing. From 1836 to 1860, from the Great Fire of New York to the holocaust of the Civil War, as he puts it, his chronicle runs, covering a period which profoundly believed itself under the special protection of divine Providence, which saw the introduction of the telegraph, the automatic reaper, and the steel plow, thought salaries of seventy-five dollars a year sufficient compensation for young men, named its [illegible] Tabitha, Jemima, or Ethelinda, fiercely resented condescension in foreigners developed a favorite pastime in twisting the lion's tale, gazed askance on bloomers and doted on Byron, Young, and Mrs. Hemans, was interested alike in transcendentalism and table-tipping, and flocked with enthusiasm to Barnum's Siamese Twins or Swedish Nightingale.

THE HAPPY FAMILY
Mezzotint by John Sartain, reproduced in "The Sentimental Years" from Miss Leslie's Magazine (1843).

True, the sentimental years knew stirrings of industrial discontent; Lowell mills were not all they should have been, slavery raised a menacing issue, and some grumbling resulted from the fact that the American workman worked more hours than the English in certain industries. But on the whole it was a happy America which Mr. Branch resuscitates, an America with its face turned Westward, which spawned Currier and Ives prints and "Old Folks at Home," held its women in reverence and clothed its statesmen in tails and high hats, and lay down to rest at night in the beatific certitude of a fortunate tomorrow. *Eheu, fugaces!*

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY..... *Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART..... *Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN..... *Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS.... *Managing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 11. No. 23.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

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A Plea to Our Censors

There is a great deal to be said for the current attempt on the part of many organizations, religious and otherwise, to improve the moral tone of our moving pictures. There will be much to be said in favor of the attempt, likely to follow, to improve the moral tone of books. Yet already enough evidence has accumulated to show the dangers that lie in the path. The Roman Catholic Church, for example, has issued a peremptory division of the moving pictures and plays now current which specifically rules out, along with the dubious, pictures such as Galsworthy's "One More River," and "Catherine the Great," which many judges of art have classified as good. But what is much worse, the moving pictures which remain after the holocaust, especially those approved for both old and young as this year's diet for good Catholics, seem, on the whole, to be weak and meagre fare for a picture hungry public. As for the permitted list of current drama, which contains four items only, including Gilbert and Sullivan, it would seem that after the last performance of "The Gondoliers" the only advice one could give to Catholic playgoers is to stay at home.

The dangerous fallacy in such censorship, which is by no means confined to Roman Catholics, is that of two criteria of judgment—conformity to a doctrine of morals and the possession of values, human and artistic, of real worth—only one, the first, is considered. Now evidence can be found all down the ages of the effect upon the mind, whether Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or Moslem, of cheap and meretricious art and cheap and meretricious ideals of human conduct. Granted one does not believe in divorce, is a fine play, or fine book that deals seriously with the divorce question, and with an affirmative answer, more or less dangerous, than a sentimental assemblage of trash, orthodox in its morals, but weak, thin, false in its ideals and its conduct and its portrait of human nature? If, to the censor, both types seem dangerous, then let both be condemned. And yet that is a risky procedure too. For once he goes beyond a warning that such and such a play does not conform to the ethical standards or spiritual doctrine of the body for which he speaks, and places the artistically good in the same category with the flashy and trivial, he invites reaction. It was Aucassin and Nicolette, both good Catholics, who decided to go to Hell because all the interesting people, all the good lovers, good talkers, and good thinkers seemed to be there, instead of in an insipid Heaven.

When representatives of the Methodists and Baptists stand with flaming swords at the doors of every play that tolerates drink, when the Roman Catholics ban every book in which some one gets divorced, when the Council of Protestant Churches frowns upon any story that contains an adultery or a liaison, when the capitalist central committee pickets communist and socialist performances, and the newspaper association agrees not to mention books that attack advertising; when the Utopians bar cynicism, the communists ban religion, the American Legion proscribes attacks on war, the Irish boycott comic Irishmen, the Jews protest mention of anti-Semitism, and all together combine to apply every standard to art except truth to imagination and the quality of beauty and the power to communicate pleasure of the mind, the eye, the ear, then we shall get the logical results of ill-considered censorship.

"PARDON ME, WOULDN'T YOU BE INTERESTED IN BUYING MY LITTLE TWO-VOLUME HISTORY OF THE AZTECS?"

Letters to the Editor: *Three Correspondents Reply to Mr. Adamic*

Proletarian Readers in Libraries

SIR:—Louis Adamic's assertion that ninety-nine and one-half percent of American workers are "practically beyond reach of radical . . . or serious, honest writing" is a terrific indictment and, if true, should cause magazines like *The New Masses* to close shop at once or clamor for articles on social problems by Mary Roberts Rinehart, Grantland Rice, and others. Mr. Adamic seems to include as worker-readers only those who own books or those who receive them from well-meaning but misguided proletarian sympathizers. Hasn't it occurred to Mr. Adamic that most cities in this country boast of a free public library? Libraries are still patronized—in fact, according to an editorial in *The Saturday Review* a year or so ago, they are crowded and books are scarce.

And who are the patrons of the libraries? Excepting school children and women (who constitute the majority), I believe that most of the men have rough and calloused hands. I was born of the working class (farmers and miners). Early in youth I developed a mania for reading (an unproletarian habit). I became an habitual frequenter of the library reading room, even spending most Sunday afternoons there. From fourteen years of observation, may I point out that the reading room of this library in Butte, Montana, is used almost exclusively by workers. The room is a large one with approximately fifteen tables, half of them being used most of the time. It is a rare event to see anyone coming in who looks like a business man. In fact, since figures are the precedent, I would say that ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths percent of those patrons are workmen—this statement including as laborers only those who wear a work shirt, without a necktie. Of course, some of the magazines in the room are of the calibre of *Satevepost*, but most of them are "serious, honest writing," ranging from *The New Masses* to the *Atlantic Monthly*. More often have I had to wait for some "roughnecked" workman to finish reading the erudite *Nineteenth Century and After* than *Collier's*. I am at present in a college town, and even here I notice in the public library that work shirts outnumber the white shirts. I have observed that the same condition prevails in other cities.

Why should Mr. Adamic be so hasty in damning the working class to eternal ignorance and stupidity? Isn't the entire reading public of "honest, serious writing" exceedingly small? From his article one would think that the circulation of *Harper's, Scribner's, or The Saturday Review* ran into millions. And what is the probable number of readers of serious fiction among the bourgeoisie? Publishers would be very happy, I think, if they could rely on one-half of one percent of the people consistently to buy "serious" books.

I suggest that Mr. Adamic include in his research a tabulation by circulating librarians of the number of business men who take out books to the number of workmen who do so—and the kinds of books. . . . I agree with most of Mr. Adamic's criticisms of current proletarian novels, but I sincerely believe that his imputations of ignorance and mental apathy to workers are unjust, and his figures grossly misleading.

WAINO NYLAND.

Boulder, Colorado.

Perennial "Wolf" Crier

SIR:—I was greatly interested in the article by Mr. Adamic, as I happen to live in one of the cities which he visited on the trip of which he speaks and was present at his address in our city.

If proletarian literature is what Mr. Adamic believes it to be (incitation to revolution) then I think we can feel greatly relieved that it is not read by the masses or considered seriously by them rather than discouraged by it as he seems to be.

I have greatly enjoyed Mr. Adamic's books and find him much more interesting as an author than as a lecturer; I was interested in his continual lamentation on the foreigner's plight in this country, not only in his address but also in his magazine articles. His idea of the gross mistreatment, misunderstanding, and mistakes in regard to the foreigner within our doors is partly contradicted by himself in your paper in the paragraph on Flint, Michigan, first column, page 322; he seems to be one of these perennial "Wolf" criers. But on the other hand the comedy of this situation is that the people for whom these individuals write, the proletariat, will not read their works; whereas, the class which they deride, the middle class, the bourgeoisie and the capitalists, buy their books and consequently give them the other hand to bite; and I never heard of any of them returning royalty checks because of the money being tainted.

In your editorial in this same issue you ask why more books are not read. Mr. Adamic has partially answered that in his article, and from the other side I know personally fifty men and women who are college graduates who all read prolifically and who never buy a book; they continuously borrow books from the one or two of the group who do buy any, and the biggest majority procure all their literature from the circulating library at the various book stores, and a small group go freely to the public library. It is my opinion that this picture is repeated in every town and city affording such facilities.

RALPH DAVID.

Flint, Michigan.

Education for Reading

SIR:—All praise to the thoughtful article by Louis Adamic on the batting average of proletarian literature, although I think most writers of any perception already suspected his conclusions. I believe that the answer to the dilemma which Mr. Adamic propounds is inadvertently contained in your editorial in the same issue, namely, that the blame can be laid at the door of our educational system. Our schools still cling too fondly to McGuffey and the three R's, which, though admirable perhaps for the laying of a basic foundation of knowledge, do nothing to broaden a child's knowledge of life itself, to make him inquisitive as to the social forces and customs which bind him in. Similarly, any liking that the elementary or high school pupil may have for literature is generally smothered by the dead hand of outmoded pedagogical instruction.

The reason for this, of course, is that our school system is entrusted to boards of education generally composed of business men, lawyers, and so on, who are not overly friendly to too much questioning of the status quo, so that what meager instruction is afforded in modern literature, sociology, psychology, political science, and the like is apt to be perfunctory and unquestioning. Nor do our colleges and universities offer much hope for advancement. . . .

EARL CLARK.

Columbus, Ohio.

Strikers and Scabs

SIR:—In his review of Robert Cantwell's "Land of Plenty" in your columns last May, Henry Seidel Canby, deploring the too pronounced working-class bias of that otherwise excellent novel, wisely remarked, "When the modern novelist takes up the class struggle, one eye or the other goes blind." In Mr Cantwell's case, the affliction seems to have spread to both eyes and to have rendered him incapable of reading the plain text of a story of a strike that does not follow the same pattern as his own novel.

On no other hypothesis not highly uncomplimentary to him can one explain the reckless misstatements which make up the greater part of his attempt to review for you Van der Meersch's "When the Looms Are Silent." For example, it is obvious that he would never have made the mistake of stating flatly that there was "no provision for feeding the strikers" if he had read the frequent allusions to the regular distribution of relief at union headquarters or the detailed account of the systematic house-to-house collection of food from local merchants and strike sympathizers or the picturesque description of the huge outdoor kitchen maintained exclusively for strikers.

However, the assumption that Mr. Cantwell did not really read the book hardly excuses his misrepresenting it as a "tribute" to strikebreaking, when the hero of the story is an indefatigable and fearless striker, and the only scab among the leading characters (Reine is a colorless dummy of minor importance) is a pitiful dotard who receives such a fright-

(*Continued on page* 388)

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

A STUDY OF HISTORY. By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. *Oxford University Press.* History in its relation to geographical environment.

NEGRO AMERICANS, WHAT NOW? By JAMES WELDON JOHNSON. *Viking.* A study of the relation of the races.

FER DE LANCE. By REX STOUT. *Farrar & Rinehart.* A new departure in detective stories.

This Less Recent Book:

DREAMTHORP. By ALEXANDER SMITH. *Doubleday, Doran.* The reissue of a book of essays written in the country.

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A Publisher's Memoirs

AUTHOR HUNTING. By Grant Richards. New York: Coward-McCann. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

THIS is the second instalment of Mr. Grant Richards's highly interesting reminiscences of his adventures as a publisher of books during the latter years of what is known as "The Romantic Nineties." It tells of his relations with the authors he sponsored and the part he played in the literary movement which that decade precipitated in the world of letters. It is also the story of a young man in love with literature who was moved by an ambition to found a publishing business which would justify him in his undertaking while offering an opportunity to be heard for those new literary aspirants whose first writings in his opinion gave promise of distinguished work in the future. To those who are still living who were alive in that decade the story it tells is certain to awaken memories which they will be glad to relive in these lively and enthrallingly interesting pages; while to those for whom these years are but a chapter in literary history, this story will take on the aspects of a drama of life.

As Mr. Richards tells his tale it has the color and animation of the hunting field, in which publishers follow the hounds in eager rivalry to be first to secure the brush; the brush, of course, being the desirable author. In this hunt Mr. Richards was not too well mounted, for he tells us he took to publishing with a capital of barely fifteen hundred pounds. But he was a born rider, undaunted by obstacles. His love for the sport and his knowledge of the country helped him to negotiate many a high wall and seemingly impassable hedge. He thus secured such "brushes" as A. E. Housman, Richard Whiteing, E. V. Lucas, Bernard Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, Conan Doyle, W. Rothenstein, John Masefield, Finley Peter Dunne, Theodore Dreiser, Frank Norris, and Thomas Burke.

But the metaphor of the hunting field scarcely affords room for us to realize either Mr. Richards's enterprising genius as a publisher or his insight into what is abiding in an author's first expressions. He relied on his authors as much as he did on himself, and he made them his friends and companions in his adventures. And they enjoyed the association. He learned much from them and in particular from Bernard Shaw. The chapters in his book which recount the tale of his alliance with that exhilarating guide, philosopher, and friend amply acknowledge his indebtedness.

Grant Richards had more than love for literature. He had the gift to sell his authors in the open market, and the courage to stand by his convictions. It was these qualities which helped him to father such books as "A Shropshire Lad," "Salt Water Ballads," "Limehouse Nights," "The Loom of Youth," and Housman's "Last Poems."

THEODORE DREISER, GRANT RICHARDS, AND HUGH LANE IN 1912. *From "Author Hunting."*

At a time when almost all the successful publishers in England evinced little or no love for the kind of literature which is exemplified in the two volumes of Shaw's "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant," Grant Richards sponsored it with enthusiasm. Even when they failed to rouse a wide public interest, his faith in the author's future like the author's faith in himself, was not lessened, and he carried on by publishing "The Perfect Wagnerite" and "Three Plays for Puritans." I remember well the day I handed Mr. Shaw the first half-yearly statement of royalties due to him on the sale of "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant," and the pathetic smile which came over his face as he noted the smallness of the amount. He looked at me smilingly and said quietly with twinkles in his eyes, "I think I'll join the South African Constabulary."

It has been a real pleasure to read "Author Hunting." The book should be read and digested by any one engaged in the publishing business; but it is also a book which will be heartily enjoyed by all who are in any way interested in the world of letters and its people. I am looking forward to the third volume.

Bird of Ill Omen

GALLYBIRD. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

A GALLYBIRD is a kind of woodpecker which attacks only rotten trees. It is a bird of ill omen by its very name, and to the family of Alard, in this third book about them, it is ominous apart from all superstition, for their prosperity is based upon a forge which is fed from their woods, and the gallybirds show that the woods are rotten. More than that, as the horrible atmosphere thickens about what seemed to be a happy squirearchal family, one feels that the hovering gallybirds are a symbol—of what, one can scarcely say, which is perhaps true of the best symbols.

This is a book in which Miss Kaye-Smith returns to her favorite seventeenth century, and shows again her really extraordinary power to recreate the peculiar feeling of a past time, and to do so without any obvious insistence. In the household at the manor-house, where the dowager Lady Alard, a Frenchwoman and a devout Roman Catholic, receives the ministrations of a disguised priest, where young Huguenot refugees come to see her, and where, above all, her brother-in-law, a non-juring parson, is the squire, we see most of the religious currents of that age of controversy, and feel how different Protestantism, and even Catholicism, were then from what they are now, in their emotional appeal at least. This imaginative reconstruction reaches its highest point in the figure of Gervase Alard. Deeply infected with that pedantry which ran all through the seventeenth century, Gervase Alard stands out as that highest achievement of historical characterization, a man who could not have been the same in any other time, and who is yet no personification, but an individual. And in spite or because of his weaknesses, he is an appealing figure. Always intellectually lonely as a man of letters in a countryside of clowns, lonelier still after the death of his brother makes him squire, he has in him an unsatisfied tenderness that leads to the best and the worst in his life—to his rescuing the ill-used, illegitimate drudge from a farmer's house and marrying her, and to his dabbling in necromancy.

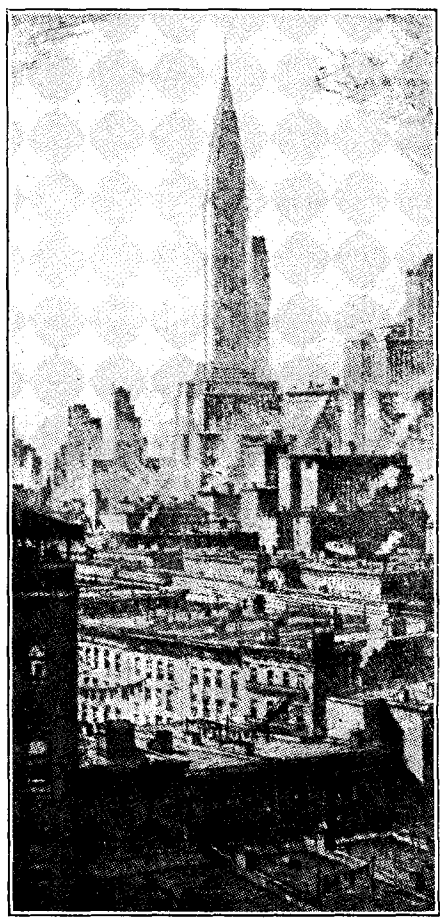
It is these two stories that, in the main, carry the book, for all its minor actions. The real drama does not begin until Will Douce (who would have owned the Alard forge if the Cromwellian regime had lasted) sees that Gervase's loneliness and his taste for strange learning make him an easy victim, and leads him to try to summon spirits. And as the catastrophe approaches, the boding atmosphere of "Gallybird" grows almost unbearable. Miss Kaye-Smith manages to give all the thrill of the supernatural without any use of definitely supernatural means. The climax of "Gallybird" produces that authentic prickling of the nape which is one of the rarest rewards of reading.

One British Visitor to Another

A MODERN COLUMBUS. By S. P. B. Mais. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by A. G. MACDONELL

MR. S. P. B. MAIS was given an utterly impossible task by the British Broadcasting Corporation when they sent him to travel like a human bullet round the United States and, in a series of broadcast talks, to "interpret" this country to the embattled listeners of Great Britain. And not only did the officials of that powerful but somewhat muddle-headed Corporation lay upon Mr. Mais the task of "interpreting," in one lightning sprint, a country which contains Boston, Miami, New Orleans, El Paso, the Chinatown of San Francisco, the Scandinavians of Wisconsin, Harlem, Mr. Upton Sinclair, and Hollywood, but it also



TOWERS OF MANHATTAN
Etching by Albert Flanagan, from "Contemporary American Prints."

added to his grievous burden by trying to attach a sub-title to his name, that of "Ambassador of the English People," and by insisting that his broadcast talks should be published in book form under the title of "A Modern Columbus."

As for Mr. Mais, he has done his work as well as could be expected in such conditions. Fired, as it were, from a rocket-gun in Jamestown, Virginia, the human projectile skipped nimbly along, ricocheting from Washington to Kentucky, touching the ground for an instant in Florida, and leaping thence into New Orleans, and so bounding from place to place until it came to rest, tired, red-hot, but still cheerful, in New York City. And during all this whirlwind trajectory, there was not one day during which Mr. Mais forgot to stand for an instant in open-mouthed admiration at some American scene or other, some American characteristic, person, habit, or institution. His pages positively ooze superlatives; ecstasy explodes from every paragraph and gradually the reader is lulled into a sort of stupor of admiration from which he can only be roused by an exceptionally violent verbal punch to the aural button.

> The only thing that is really wrong with the United States is the reign of terror of the kidnapper.
>
> Everyone under twenty roller-skates in the streets, and everyone over twenty wants to.
>
> I have never been nearer Utopia than in this happy, smiling, prosperous city of Jacksonville.

But after all, in a book of this sort, a superficial guide-book to a few aspects of American life, what do we look for? It is very difficult to say. "The Empire State Building is five times as high as Salisbury Cathedral." Is that what we expect? Or should we try to collect tiny impressions from here and there and, putting as many as possible of them together, make a sort of jig-saw puzzle out of a thousand pieces rather than a solid statue out of ten chunks of marble?

I am especially interested in this matter because I too paid my first visit to New York a few weeks ago, and I have been trying ever since to find out what sort of place it is. The skyscrapers I refuse to grow lyrical about except for their sensational and totally unexpected beauty. As things of utility, as achievements of man's soaring ambitions, as great masses of offices, they leave me cold. But then I dislike things of utility, distrust soaring ambitions, and detest offices. So that is, perhaps, no criterion. But as things of beauty they are miraculous beyond description (except the Chrysler which is like the fruit of a marriage between an overgrown sword-fish and a designer of fretwork patterns), and if you can persuade yourself—as I can, who am still new to them—that they do not really exist, then the streets of New York become lined with magic castles and the sidewalks are paved with the leaves of the Forest of Arden.

To me the skyscrapers are not New York. They are too fanciful, too improbable. What I like are the little scenes that I can understand, and even the little scenes which I cannot understand. The Elevated, for instance. It is so barbaric a contraption, so utterly beastly and noisy, that it seems homely. It is the sort of railway that I would have built myself if I had been mechanically-minded and, at the same time, half-witted. (Fortunately I am not the former, at any rate.) Then there are the colored traffic lights. I love watching them for their delightful variety. Sometimes you may turn right on Red (a rious political mix-up, by the way; s people allege that the President is d it every day), sometimes you may Sometimes you may turn right legitimately and find that it is a one-way street. And so on. The possibilities are boundless. But the really fascinating thing about the lights is that whenever they change, the attendant policeman blows a loud blast on his whistle. Now in London a policeman only blows his whistle when he desires assistance from a colleague in the apprehension of a fugitive, or would-be fugitive, criminal. When, therefore, I first heard the New York cops blowing merrily away, I naturally assumed that the "crime-wave" over here was certainly as large as I had been led to believe.

Then consider the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad station in, or rather on, 42nd Street. Was I not justified in thinking that a station which so described itself in letters of flaming scarlet, was likely to have trains that went to Baltimore? Believing everything I see written, I bought a ticket to Baltimore at that station and looked for trains. There were no trains, but an official offered me a bus instead. As a station without trains is sheer lunacy, and a man who takes a bus to Baltimore is a sheer lunatic, I could only conclude that this great country, which, as Mr. Chesterton has pointed out, is always in such a tearing hurry that it has not time to say "lift" and therefore has to say "elevator" instead, and is far too busy to say "flat" and has therefore abbreviated it into "apartment," probably has altered "train" into "bus." I was wrong, though. There was a bus, and I boarded it, and in twenty minutes I, bus, and all, were on a ship in the Hudson river, making steadily past Battery towards Ambrose. And all this, mind you, was on the B. and O. Railroad.

Do these little things make a real picture, or do we get the truth about a country from talking to Bank Presidents and Insurance Managers? I wonder. At least, I don't really.

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A. G. Macdonell, a Scottish novelist who satirized his adopted country in "England, Their England," has recently left the United States after his first visit.

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The Vivid Career of a Typical American

A PILGRIMAGE OF IDEAS OR THE RE-EDUCATION OF SHERWOOD EDDY. By Sherwood Eddy. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by KENNETH S. LATOURETTE

AMONG the most interesting figures of our varied age is Sherwood Eddy. In himself he epitomizes the intellectual and spiritual pilgrimage of many Americans of his generation. Born in Leavenworth, Kansas, in the decade after the Civil War, he was reared in the moral and religious heritage of those who had migrated to the region to save it from slavery. About the state still clung many of the traditions of the frontier, in his own case reënforced by the influence of a mother of eager and vigorous mind. His family shared in the prosperity which came to the thrifty and foresighted of the pioneer stock, and throughout his mature life he has been in possession of an income which has made him independent of salaries and so of economic obligations to the organizations with which he has served. Brought up in such a home, it was not unnatural that he should go East to school and college, that in his student days he should be profoundly influenced by Dwight L. Moody, and that he should throw himself wholeheartedly into the promulgation of the type of Christianity which, under the leadership of that remarkable man, was moving the American churches.

Nor, with his frontier background, was it strange that he should become a lifelong pioneer—what he calls a "rolling stone." In his young manhood he committed himself to the foreign missionary enterprise which, under its slogan of "the evangelization of the world in this generation," was capturing the imagination and the devotion of thousands of young Americans who had grown up in the Moody tradition. He was early caught up in the then still youthful Young Men's Christian Association and has had a long connection with it. He travelled through the colleges under the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, communicating to others his own vision. For fifteen years he was a missionary in India. From 1910 to 1914 he divided his time between evangelistic tours among the students of Asia and the raising of money among the wealthy of America for the work of the Y. M. C. A. among the students and in the cities of the East. During the war he plunged into the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. for soldiers, part of the time among the men in the armies and part of it in assisting in the raising of the funds to keep the vast program in operation. The war effected the changes in him that it did in hundreds of others who shared his religious, intellectual, and economic heritage. It led him to thoroughgoing pacifism and to a denunciation of the economic and industrial order with which the conflict was associated. Without losing his religious convictions, he found his conception of Christianity enlarged to include a reconstruction of our international and economic structure. He became a socialist. For successive summers he has piloted picked groups of Americans across the Atlantic to study European conditions. He has visited Russia repeatedly and has depicted in public address and printed page what he has there seen. Yet his interest and activities in Christian evangelism in Asia have continued. Recently he has been in China, addressing meetings in a number of the larger student and urban centers.

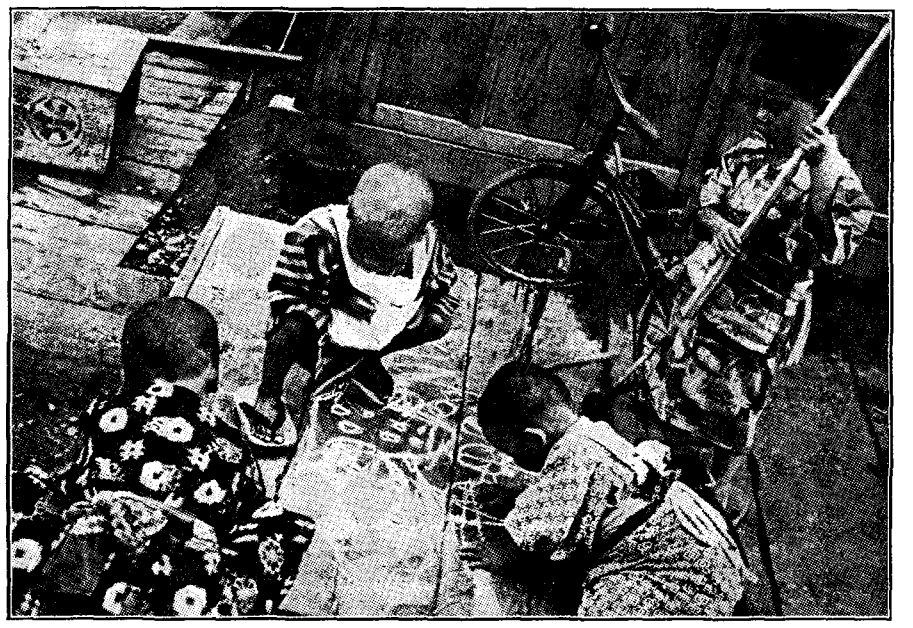
In this career Sherwood Eddy has been typical of thousands of Americans. He has, however, been more than a type. He has had no small part in leading and shaping his generation and he has always been distinctly an individual. Now, at sixty-three, while still far from having retired and as active and as much of a traveller as ever, he has set himself to the writing of his autobiography. The resulting book is eminently characteristic. It is vivid and extraordinarily frank. Like the author's public addresses, whose literary style it shares, it holds attention from the first word to the last. It disclaims profundity of thought, it is filled with moral earnestness and religious faith, and with complete honesty it lays bare the writer's struggles, hopes, and intellectual changes. It is, moreover, without rancor toward opponents. It is not a great autobiography. Obviously and confessedly it has been hurriedly done. Its very faults, however, are part of its charm and its value. It will constitute a document of first-class importance both for those who would seek to understand the age through which we have just passed and for those who will later essay to write the biography of its subject.

Camera—1934

MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY: 1934-1935. *Edited by C. Geoffrey Holme. New York: Studio Publications.* 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT DISRAELI

ABOUT this time every year annuals of photography appear on the horizon. Every large country has one or more of such publications which express the photographic achievements of the year. Any photographer in the world has the privilege of submitting his best work to the editors of these books. The result is that though each book is published in its own language, French, Japanese, or English, they all express the international language of fine photography. It is therefore not surprising to see a picture of a Kansas farmer opposite one of an Istanbul dervish, both in a publication from Japan. This is true of all these annuals with the recent exception of those from Germany, which have become madly nationalistic.



JAPANESE CHILDREN: *Photograph by Ihei Kimura From "Modern Photography:* 1934-1935."

Among the best and foremost of these photographic anthologies is one published by *The Studio* of London. It is a hopeful sign of progress, to one who has followed the yearly publication of this book, since its inception four years ago, that the editors have omitted all photographs that belie their source. In the collection there is no photographic print that imitates an etching, a woodcut, or a lithograph. All are straightforward camera work. Their technical quality is very high. Light and shade play softly or harshly over flesh, metals, minerals, liquids, and vegetable fibers, revealing structure and form. The texture of materials is copied with remarkable fidelity, emphasizing again that such reproduction is one of the great contributions of the camera to our world. In a number of the photographs motion is expressed cleverly. The many pictures of animals in the book are exceptionally fine.

On the debit side we must note that there seems to be a little too much conscious arrangement of composition in several photographs. This holds true especially of a number of portraits, genre pictures, and still lifes. There is an absence of photographs that mirror the time in which we live. Except for evidence of technical progress most of the photographs might have been made at any time within the last twenty-five years. There is no indication in this collection that the world today pulsates with pain and joy, with pessimism and great hope. May we expect that in the next issue the editors will allow such timely photographs to occupy a space in their collection?

Politics for the Plain Citizen

A GUIDE TO MODERN POLITICS. By G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by ALFRED ZIMMERN

G. D. H. COLE, whatever one may think of him, is a writer to be reckoned with. For one thing, there is no avoiding him. No sooner have you, perhaps unfairly, decided to leave his latest book unread than you are besieged by a still later one. With or without the collaboration of his wife, he has produced several of them in the last twelve months or so. Moreover, they are all of them up to a high standard: they are never scamped. For, if Mr. Cole is industrious, he is also conscientious. He is never ashamed of admitting that he has been wrong, but he takes pride in ensuring that his last word, for the time being, is as true as he can make it.

Apart from the writer of detective stories, there are two G. D. H. Coles, the theorist and the expositor. Some might say that there are three and add the classification "propagandist." But though Mr. Cole, like most other people who care about things, has done his share of propagandist writing, propaganda is not really part of his make-up. He is much more interested in thinking out his own ideas than in disseminating those of other people. But, unlike most original thinkers, he takes a positive delight in the task of exposition, whether of his own ideas or of the elements of any subject in which he is interested. He has a remarkable gift for lucid statement, whether in the classroom, on the platform, or in print. Moreover, he has a scrupulous academic conscience, in the best sense of the term, and always does his best to keep his exposition clear from the distorting influence of his own particular views. That is not to say that he always succeeds. But it explains the very special character of his works of exposition, in which three quarters of the volume is apt to be occupied by a scrupulously fair account of "what is," followed in the last part of the book by a rather apocalyptic statement of "what might be." One has the sensation of being borne peacefully along upon the stream of knowledge and then suddenly being precipitated over a Niagara.

The present volume shares the characteristics of its predecessors in this vein. It is an introduction to the study of public affairs for the plain citizen. It tells him a great deal which he certainly ought to know and which he will not find so conveniently elsewhere. It is well written, well documented, and extraordinarily up to date. Nearly half of it is devoted to short studies of the political systems of ten leading countries. If they are not flawless, they are certainly realistic, and they could not have been done much better in the space. The chief criticism to be made of this section of the book is that more attention has been paid to backward than to advanced countries. Turkey, for instance, which the writers can hardly know at first-hand, might well have been omitted to make room for Holland or Sweden or Switzerland.

The last part of the book deals with political principles. Here, G. D. H. Cole the theorist has his fling—he has already thrown a good many pebbles in the earlier pages. It is difficult to know what effect this section will have on the readers for whom it is intended. For those already familiar with the subject and with Mr. Cole's earlier writings they are very interesting. For though throughout the book socialism of the Russian variety is held up as the political goal towards which the world is moving, there are signs in the closing pages that Mr. Cole, like the men in the Kremlin, is moving cautiously to the right. Thus we are told that "between 1789 and 1917 . . . not a single challenging new idea of political importance succeeded in getting itself embodied in a practical shape." (Was the nineteenth century really so barren as all that?) But in the concluding section we are treated to a pæan on "the spontaneity of democracy" as against "the disciplined autocracy of the Corporative State" and informed that the democratic societies of the future will be ready to welcome "new institutions continually springing up to meet new needs."

Is it conceivable that what Mr. Cole has been refusing to learn from the experience of Britain he has imbibed at length from the contrary experience of fascism? At any rate, the closing pages of this book whet our curiosity for the next.

Alfred Zimmern is professor of international relations at Oxford University and a director of the Geneva School of International Studies.

Punishment and Crime

(*Continued from first page*)

that we do not have to read what they write unless we wish to.

This complacent attitude has been given rather a rude shock in recent years. The development of more careful techniques in studies of crime has produced books that we cannot ignore. The works of Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck are outstanding examples. They have jolted prison officials back on their heels by incontrovertible evidence of failure where success had been claimed. It is studies of this type, as well as the older ones, that Morris has analyzed and digested and used as a basis for his generalizations.

His courage and freedom from the restrictions of goody-goody criminology are revealed especially in one section of his book. After pointing out that we are on dangerous ground when we draw inferences about criminals in general from studies of that small percentage that gets into prison, he lists twenty-three samples of what he calls criminals and near-criminals of the upperworld. These "have never been rounded up by the police nor gathered together in a prison" but have been "scattered among us as friends and fellow members in club and churches." The criminals of the underworld, by way of contrast, he calls "the day laborers in the field of crime." This is honest thinking and honest writing.

The book, however, is neither mere diatribe nor mere rehash of studies made by someone else. It contains a sound analysis of the way in which criminal behavior develops, a discussion of the methods by which society tries to prevent crime and other ways that might prove efficacious, and a description of methods and agencies used to control crime: police, courts, probation, parole, jails, prisons, reformatories, and so on. It concludes with outlines of suggested discussions, reports, and exercises which increase its textbook value, and well-arranged bibliographies. Morris is most readable in those sections where he is telling what he thinks rather than what he knows, but the factual material is well selected and well handled.

Austin H. MacCormick is Commissioner of Correction for the City of New York.

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Acute Propaganditis

(*Continued from first page*)

perience of any man who ever took a hand in the game of European journalism.

The book is the more admirable in that he has treated most sensational matter in a judicial spirit. Never does he raise his voice. Piling fact on fact, he proves that the war of propaganda did not stop with the Armistice of 1918; that, on the contrary, it went on with redoubled violence. He describes the obscure but important struggle to control, for the purpose of skilled deceit, the cable and radio facilities of the world. He shows how the Continental European press, with the partial exception of France, has passed under direction of the official propagandist, until hundreds of millions of newspaper readers and radio listeners live not exactly on lies but on an even more poisonous fare—half-truths, tainted and slanted for the purposes of a political and financial faction. All of which, it seems, is news to the public. It is not news to any journalist who has even brushed the surface of post-war Europe.

He seems to see some hope in the British press, which is on the whole the most honest in the world, and in the American, which is the freest. Even they have their taints. The old tradition of British journalism, "play the game of the foreign office," has made British press-bureaus a part of the foreign commercial propaganda. But as regards the British press, his intellectual horror, as an honest journalist, makes him sometimes a trifle unfair. He emphasizes the warped, sensational views of American life which reporters for London tabloids are sending across the Atlantic; he ignores the fair, detached reports of such British correspondents as Sir Wilmot Lewis for the London *Times*. In treating of our American cable services to such foreign lands as South America, he appears to criticize the reporters for writing from "the American point of view." They could do no otherwise and be less than archangels.

No news above the dignity of a market report can be well written unless the reporter have a point of view. The most we may humanly expect of journalism is that various reporters with various points of view shall present them honestly—and let the public make up its mind. This is exactly what happens in the United States. Even though our journalism and our radio transmission are very largely commercialized, a campaign of lies and half-truths does not last long with us—as witness the Ku Klux Klan madness, the attempt of professional patriots to involve all persons with liberal opinions in the "Bolshevik plot," the bought-and-paid for public utility propaganda. Truth is a substance so potent that a small dose can cure the biggest lies. But this happens only when the press, the radio, and all other means of transmitting ideas stand free from censorships—a fact which Herr Goebbels and Signor Mussolini understand better than any other men alive. And the moral of Mr. Riegel's important book is written in Amendment I of our Constitution—"Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press."

❧ ❧

Will Irwin, who has been reporter and editor of a daily journal, managing editor of McClure's Magazine, *general magazine writer, and war correspondent with the German, Belgian, and British armies for American and English newspapers, was in 1918 Chief of the Foreign Department Committee on Public Information.*

The Bowling Green

The Folder

BEFORE resuming our interrupted South American narrative, which we hope to do next week, there are several accumulated items in the Folder. First, a poem by Hugh Western which I've been holding since last summer.

COUNTRY NIGHT

To dodge fast clouds the moon rides high,
But peering down past shadows deep
Sees how the south wind quietly
Puts too late twittering birds to sleep;
The setter licks his thorn-pricked foot,
Then cocks an ear to the owl's hoot.

Across the fields and well alone
One yellow lamp had burned its way
Straight to the heart. Now it is gone
And with it all a lover's day.
His rest gone, too, one yokel still
Searches the haycock on the hill

And nuzzles out among the hay
The cradle where his love has lain
To find and lie there, if he may
Discover that sweet spot again,
Perfumed with her, where once she said
So little and let kiss instead.

HUGH WESTERN.

❧ ❧

Bruce Rogers, the distinguished printer, has been carving a head of Joseph Conrad out of a block of weathered pine. This is to be placed as a figurehead on Mr. A. J. Villiers's full-rigged ship the *Joseph Conrad,* now on voyage to New York. Formerly a Danish schoolship, Mr. Villiers has had her refitted for the training of cadets and to accommodate a few sea-minded passengers. He writes:

> The *Joseph Conrad,* carrying so much of the spirit of that great Shade as a man-built thing may, will make such voyages as this same Conrad would have loved.

Mr. Rogers kindly lets me reproduce a snapshot of the figurehead in process of carving.

❧ ❧

Readers of the Green may wish to be reminded that December 27 is the 100th anniversary of the death of Charles Lamb. In spite of—or on account of—his long service as a schoolbook the true quality of his mind is still too rarely recognized. To refresh one's memory, or gain new opinions, there is no happier gift than *Everybody's Lamb,* edited by A. C. Ward and enchantingly illustrated by E. H. Shepard. It was published last year by Harcourt Brace.

❧ ❧

As a special Christmas pleasure I print below a cut of Mr. Grant Wood's latest painting, *Dinner for Threshers.* Thinking back about a recent brief visit to Iowa, nothing seemed to pierce more surely into my attention than the deep gold of corn showing through the chinks of roadside cribs. The red barns are the finest I have ever seen; all with a projecting overhang or peak at the end of the rooftree; to shelter the hoist from the rain, I suppose. In the enchanting village of Waubeek, where Jay Sigmund, poet and storyteller and insurance official, has preserved an old family cottage exactly as it was seventy years ago (stuffed with Currier and Ives) I found relics which seemed queer so far inland. The village was first settled by sons of New England fishermen; on one house two anchors are carved on either side of a heart; in the blacksmith shop Mr. Bruce, the smith, preserves an old harpoon. In his spare time Mr. Bruce makes beautiful miniature hammers and other tools, each worthy to be a museum piece, and gives them away to lovers of good work.

❧ ❧

Mr. A. G. Macdonell, secretary of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London, was a welcome visitor here recently. He was specially pleased by a Department of Justice bulletin posted in a country p. o. on Long Island. It tells how to identify a particularly dangerous murderer now at large. Tattooed on his forearm is a pierced heart and the word *Mother.*

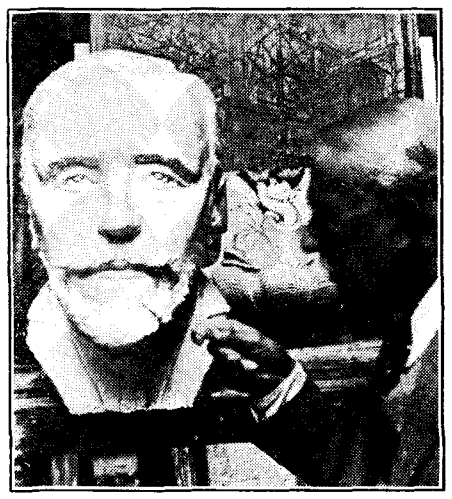
❧ ❧

DR. WATSON'S SECRET (*concl.*)

I must not weary you in the matter of Dr. Watson's private affairs; but there is just one more point which is essential to mention. We were arguing that the correct date of *The Sign of Four* is July (1887) rather than September. The most apparently damning evidence against July has been ingeniously pointed out by Mr. H. W. Bell in that indispensable little volume *Baker Street Studies* (London: Constable & Co.). Holmes insisted on Athelney Jones staying for dinner—for which he had ordered "oysters and a brace of grouse." Neither of these are in season in July. But is not this precisely what Holmes meant by his following remark to Watson: "You have never yet recognized my merits as a housekeeper." Surely he was calling attention to his cunning in being able to procure these luxuries when they were impossible for most people.

If my suggestion is acceptable that Dr. Watson and Miss Morstan had been secretly married in the spring but agreed to pretend that it didn't happen until autumn, other chronological reconciliations are possible. We now see that the *Naval Treaty* (in "the July which immediately succeeded my marriage"—viz., the next July after their collusive wedding-date in November) must have been in July '88. The treaty had been drawn up in May of that year, obviously in view of the illness of Frederick III of Germany and the probable succession of the young Kaiser—whose temperament was only too likely to necessitate readjustments of the European balance of power. There were two other cases in that month, you remember: *The Second Stain* and *The Tired Captain.* Watson's ingrained mixture of duplicity and naiveté in regard to the date of the Morstan marriage is delightfully shown when years later he sets down the story of the *Second Stain.* It happened, he says, "in a year, and even in a decade, that shall be nameless"—quite oblivious that in his earlier reference he had unmistakably dated and identified the episode.

From here on the succession of events is fairly plain. *A Case of Identity* is evidently late spring of '88. *The Crooked Man* is the summer of '88. Myself I should prefer to place *The Engineer's Thumb* in '88 ("not long after my marriage," he says), but Watson positively assigns it to summer '89. *The Valley of Fear* must have been in January '89; followed in June by *The Man with the Twisted Lip* and that autumn by the great *Hound of the Baskervilles.* Watson's long absence from home and practice while visiting Baskerville Hall may well have been another trial of Mrs. Watson's disposition; but we find her in June 1890 generously urging the Doctor to accompany Holmes to Boscombe Valley. Immediately after returning from Boscombe Valley Holmes became interested in *The Lost Special* (one of the cases outside the legitimate canon, never recorded by Watson). 1890 closes with the *Red Headed League* and the *Blue Carbuncle;* it is pleasant to think of Holmes and Watson sitting down cheerfully to the post-Christmas goose: their last intimacy before the tragic events of April and May 1891.

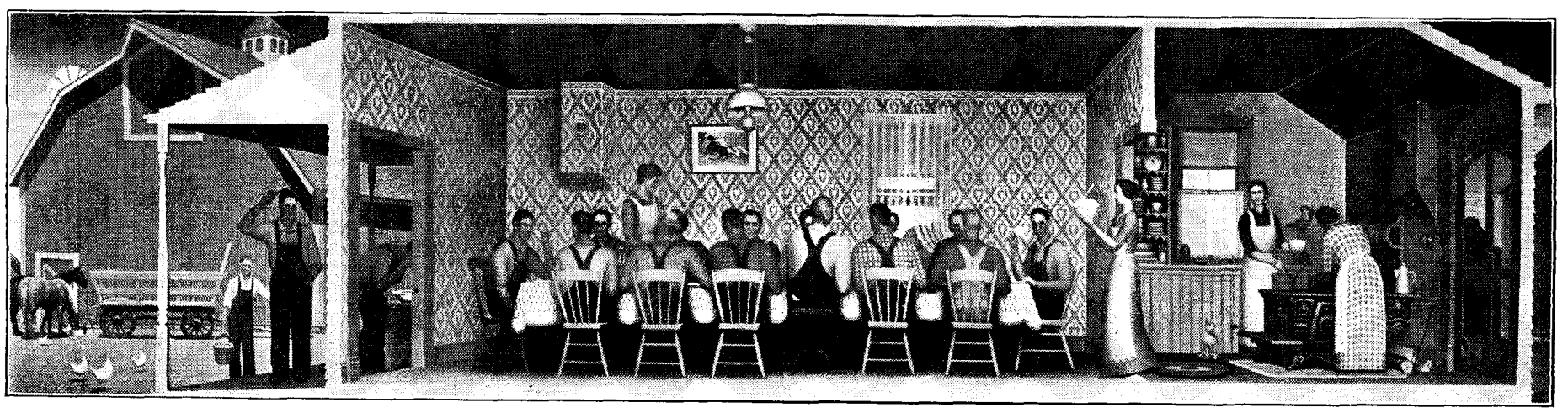


CONRAD FIGUREHEAD: *Bruce Rogers*

It is also possible to believe that Watson's innocent and timid subterfuge of the secret marriage quite escaped Holmes's attention. Sherlock had grown into the habit of regarding Watson as a lay figure who would never do the unexpected; the great detective was intensely absorbed in his own ideas and except on those mischievous occasions when he turned the full focus of his observation upon his companion he was not likely to speculate much on Watson's private thoughts. And a man of Watson's upright, simple and candid nature, once driven in upon himself, can develop surprising foxiness. It pleases me to think that the self-sacrificing Doctor was dashing enough to seize the romance that came his way. His pangs, his honorable yearnings, his necessities for concealment, gave him (every student has noticed) a special tenderness for women in distress. In brooding the problem of his later marriage one could be tempted to wish that the superb Grace Dunbar of *Thor Bridge* might have been the second Mrs. Watson. (She also had been a governess.) But knowing Senator Neil Gibson, it is unlikely.

Having caused endless embarrassment by his transparent attempts to disguise the facts of his first marriage, no wonder Watson said nothing whatever about the second. And apropos the second matrimony (which all scholars agree to place about the end of 1902) it is interesting to note that Watson chose to establish his renewed menage in Queen Anne Street. It crosses Harley Street, is only a stroll from 221 B, and still very near the Wigmore Street Post Office. The other most famous resident of that immediate neighborhood is *The Young Man with the Cream Tarts.*

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



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A London Letter

By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

A LITTLE stuffed dog, whose spots indicated the Dalmatian, and who sat with an air of defeat, ears drooping, and tongue lolling out, and was known by the name of "Dismal Desmond," was a great mantelpiece favorite a few years ago in England. I would have said that it was at least two years since he was last seen. But it has been my duty as a member of a prize-awarding committee to scan the work produced by our rising young English novelists during the last nine months. Now, at the end of the task, I begin to wonder how long it is since that dog really went.

Here is Miss V. Sackville West writing darkly about a sadist on an island beating his beautiful beloved in a sea cave ("The Dark Island"). Here is Mr. John Collier taking his titles from the mad scene in "Lear," and his content from his complete despair, not only of the inhabitants of the modern world, but also of the savages whom he imagines two generations hence as crawling about amid the ruins we have left them. Miss Elizabeth Jenkins, once so suave, writes in her latest book with masterly and horrid understatement about a late Victorian murder. But the most accomplished howl has been uttered by Mr. Evelyn Waugh's pup, "A Handful of Dust."

It really seems that we English are set on howling this year, for, not content with the domestic progeny of Dismal Desmond, we, who read decidedly fewer translations than are read in America, have gone abroad so as to be sure not to miss the real rock-bottom all-time low.

Can Céline's "Journey to the End of the Night" be anywhere matched for gloom? The book would be as farcical as the last act of an Elizabethan tragedy with its stage piled with corpses, only that, to the present writer at any rate, it is exasperating to see M. Céline's really very considerable powers of observation serving a view of the world about as subtle as that of the high priests of optimism such as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, to whom it seemed per contra that "Nothing is ever settled until it is settled right."

Some English authors are beginning to feel that maybe fate is going to say to them now, in the days of their dignity, what was said to them by exasperated elders in their extreme youth, "If you go on crying like that, I'll give you something to cry for!"

Messrs. H. G. Wells, E. M. Forster, J. B. Priestley, Kingsley Martin (editor of the *Statesman-Nation*), Ernst Toller, and the present writer were lately gathered together in company with some thousands of others to protest against a measure then going inexorably through the British Parliament. It is known as the "Sedition Bill"; it would empower the police, on the order of two magistrates, to enter our houses. Here they may seize our copies of Kropotkin, our pacifist tracts published by the Society of Friends, our biography of Robert Owen or of Lenin, and if necessary, they may search our persons in the process. It will then be up to a court of law to decide whether we intended at some future date (unspecified) to use these works to seduce members of His Majesty's Forces from their sworn allegiance, or whether we had them for "legitimate purposes" (also unspecified). Lawyers added uncompromising statements to our various expressions of repugnance, and made us feel still more pensive about the whole business by remarking that if a policeman doesn't like you, he is apt to make sure that he will find good reasons on your shelves for disliking you, if necessary putting those reasons there himself.

The authors assembled in protest were of very various ways of thinking, but none of us felt quite sure that we would always live up to a policeman's ideal of what a novelist should be. How various were our ways of thinking was very well exemplified at that meeting. Mr. H. G. Wells half way through his speech made a quite expected allusion to dictatorships abroad, and went on to pile up a very pretty case in favor of freedom of speech by saying how a censorship led to intellectual death and the utter decay of culture, etc. Everyone thought that Hitler's Burning of the Books was to be the peroration. Not at all! Russia was the example that Mr. Wells had in mind, and amid tumult (the meeting did not like it) he went on to say that his recent visit to Russia had convinced him that all intellectual life was dead there.

But Ernst Toller and the present writer had also just been to Russia and—attending the congress of Soviet Writers as Mr. Wells had not—had received an exactly contrary impression. They had in fact come back from a considerably longer stay than Mr. Wells with a very positive notion that culture and intellectual life were very lively indeed there. Of course, since, as the reader knows, there is nothing like leather, what we all meant by culture and intellectual life was the novel, poetry, and the drama. Anyhow, it is lucky that authors are such gentle creatures, otherwise the chairman would have found it even more difficult than he did to keep the meeting to the subject of the Sedition Bill. Even though this iniquitous measure seems so likely to send us, together with the rest of the flower of English letters, to languish far from our dear ones in dungeon dark and keep us there for a maximum of two years, if extra gloom garnered from the dungeon should characterize our subsequent output, those two years look like being pretty hard on our readers.

But I have strayed from my subject—what people are writing and reading in England. There is one other book besides "A Handful of Dust" that is being praised, and that I would most cordially recommend. It is by a new author, and our Dalmatian friend was far away at its conception. For though it is by a young and sensitive author, who sees just as well as Mr. Collier that the present time is a bad time, and though there are sorrows enough in it, hunger, cold, storm, unhappy love, and two or three murders, yet "Lean Men" most emphatically does not belong to the "Better Dead" school, and its journey is no journey to nowhere, "In Winter and the Night," but a pilgrimage as full of logic as of misfortune, as full of heroes as of rogues.

Mr. Ralph Bates lays the scene of "Lean Men" in modern Spain. When you have read this admirable tale, you will know a great deal more than I at any rate should have known without its logic about tomorrow's Spanish news in the papers. As I write this I can see my copy of the book. It is in the hands of the member of my house (you have one in yours) who so rarely bothers to finish a novel. He has reached page 400 and is going strong. It is a grand nourishing book, whether you like excitement, ironwork, politics, bawdy, or Bach. I will no more tell you its plot than I will reveal the note of that last haunting, drawn out howl in which Mr. Evelyn Waugh's pup bays the moon.

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GERTRUDE STEIN

Mrs. T. W. J., of Minneapolis, Minn., *wants to know where to get material on Gertrude Stein, that is, where to get discussion of her work and artistic ideals.*

SINCE Miss Stein made her appearance in America, after an absence of some thirty years from her native country, the press has published columns upon her, and in the course of it much discussion of her art. The best material for Mrs. T. W. J.'s purposes, however, is to be found in older sources. She will, for instance, find an interesting and illuminating analysis on pages 237-256 of Edmund Wilson's AXEL'S CASTLE (Scribners), and what he calls "A Note on Gertrude Stein" in the late Stuart P. Sherman's POINTS OF VIEW (Scribners). Paul Rosenfeld, in his BY WAY OF ART (Coward-McCann), devoted some twenty pages to Miss Stein, whom he takes with great seriousness and looks upon as a major American writer. "Yes," he says, "it is to be hoped that the new America will grow ever more appreciative of Gertrude Stein; since the capacity to appreciate her performances is indivisible from that general feeling of spirit, making the American experiment a success." That is as it may be. For my own part, I must admit that such a book as Miss Stein's latest, PORTRAITS AND PRAYERS (Random House), does not seem to me worth the paper on which it is printed. And yet, having met her, I feel it impossible to believe she is anything but sincere; about her there is nothing of pose or theatricality. She is, at any rate, an international figure, the English, as well as the Americans and French, according her attention. Mrs. T. W. J. will find some British opinion set forth in G. K. Chesterton's IN ALL I SURVEY (Dodd, Mead), where in the essay, On Phases of Eccentricity, he accords a number of pages to discussion of her, and in Desmond MacCarthy's volume entitled CRITICISM (Putnam). Mr. Canby, in his AMERICAN ESTIMATES (Harcourt, Brace), reprints an article on her which originally appeared in *The Saturday Review* under the title, Gyring and Gimbling, and, in a recent issue (November 17), reviewed her PORTRAITS AND PRAYERS. Mrs. T. W. J., if she has not already done so, should, of course, for light on Miss Stein's life and points of view read THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS (Harcourt, Brace) which under the name borrowed from her friend is her own account of herself.

BOOKS FOR RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION

J. L. J., of Millerton, N. Y., *in behalf of a small group of young women which meets as a Sunday School class, asks for suggestions for books which might be used for the basis of discussions among the circle. They are particularly interested, she says, in Christianity as a way of life, and in the connection of religion with science and social progress. And she wants, too, the title of a book dealing with the history of religions and of one on comparative religion.*

John Dewey's A COMMON FAITH (Yale University Press), which recently appeared, and which J. L. J. suggests herself, certainly ought to be on her list as ought, also, Millikan's EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE AND RELIGION (Yale University Press) concerning which she inquires. The former is a brief but eloquent book, admirably adapted for the lay reader and stimulating as is everything Dewey writes; the latter is by one of the leading physicists of the day. If J. L. J. and her group wish to take up an older work and one which will mean some stiff application, they might turn to Balfour's FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF (Longmans, Green), a collection of essays notable for the intellectual subtlety and literary ability which no less distinguished the English statesman than his political acumen. Bernard Iddings Bell's UNFASHIONABLE CONVICTIONS (Harpers) and Irwin Edman's THE CONTEMPORARY AND HIS SOUL (Viking) should prove precisely the sort of books to stimulate discussion, and J. L. J.'s "little group of serious thinkers" should find RELIGION AND THE MODERN WORLD (Stokes), by J. H. and J. J. Randall, a further springboard to debate. Eddington's SCIENCE AND THE UNSEEN WORLD (Macmillan) is another book they should read, and, of course, they should not forget William James's fascinating VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE (Longmans, Green). As to the history of religion and comparative religion there is that book so immensely popular a few years ago, designed for the general reader and too rapid a survey to be more than an introduction to its subject, Lewis Browne's THIS BELIEVING WORLD (Macmillan), and such more scholarly works as George A. Barton's RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD (University of Chicago Press) and Reinach's ORPHEUS—A HISTORY OF RELIGION (Liveright).

R. L. D., of Concord, N. H., *too, wants suggestions for a class in a church school. Her group is particularly interested in the cultural aspects of the Bible, and would like to do some reading along these lines. By "cultural aspects" she means to imply "as much of the literary as is possible without too much historical data."*

I think any of the following books should prove suitable for her purpose: CREATIVE RELIGIOUS LITERATURE (Macmillan), by Arthur Jerome Culler, which discusses the Bible as literature in comparison with the general literary heritage of the world, and probes it for folk songs, myths, short stories, poetry, etc. The book contains useful bibliographies. THE ENGLISH BIBLE AS LITERATURE (Houghton Mifflin), an excellent work by Charles Allen Dinsmore, presenting criticism, interpretation, etc., and making a study of the language and style of the Scriptures. LITERATURE IN THE BIBLE (Macmillan), by George Sprau, the first three chapters of which deal with the Bible in general and the history of the Jews, while the remaining take up the successive books of the Bible. R. L. D.'s friends might start with Quiller-Couch's On Reading the Bible, a chapter in his ART OF READING.

DANCING AND LECTURES ON DANCING

A. J. H., of Meadowlands, Pa., *asks for a book on dancing suitable for a pupil's or beginner's textbook, containing a description of the modern fox-trot and waltz in their simple form, with their latest combinations or variations, professionally illustrated where necessary for clarity.*

I don't know just how much a beginner can get from any textbook on dancing, but A. J. H. might try either THE ART OF SOCIAL DANCING (Barnes), by Laurence A. Hostetter, or THE MODERN DANCE (Barnes), by John J. Martin. While I am on the subject of dancing I might add that since I answered the query of a correspondent the other day on the subject of the ballet there has come to me the announcement by the Division of Theatrical Sciences of the School of American Ballet of a series of illustrated lectures and demonstrations of the origins, development, and history of theatrical dancing in the West, to be given by Lincoln Kirstein. These are to be held at 637 Madison Avenue, New York City, and constitute the initial activity of the Division of Theatrical Sciences which is organized among other purposes to publish popular books and pamphlets to propagandize for dancing and its allied theatrical arts.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 384*)

ful beating that his wife loses her mind and dies in the hospital and he himself goes "over the hill to the poorhouse."

If that is a tribute to scabbing, then the piece Mr. Cantwell wrote for you is a book review.

What appears to have thrown our young critic off his balance was his naive assumption that every story of industrial struggle in these times must be, like his own, a "proletarian" novel, whereas it is obvious to anyone who reads Van der Meersch's book without this *idée fixe* that "When the Looms Are Silent" was never intended as "proletarian" literature, but as literature pure and simple, without partisan bias. In this absence of partisanship doubtless consists its unpardonable defect in Mr. Cantwell's eyes.

Your reviewer wonders how I came to translate the book. When he gets around some day to reading it, he will be able to answer his own question. The book is a sincere and moving account of a dramatic industrial struggle, related by an eyewitness with an unusual gift for telling a story vividly.

FREDERICK A. BLOSSOM.

New York City.

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The Search for a Unifying Reality

A COMMON FAITH: THE TERRY LECTURES. By John Dewey. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1934. $1.50.

THE PASSING OF THE GODS. By V. F. Calverton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $3.

THE UNKNOWN GOD. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT CLARKE WYCKOFF

MODERN humanism has taken on a new psychological quality which it chooses to describe by the word, "religious." This was first expressed by the founding of the "Humanist Society of New York." Its founder, Charles Francis Potter, in his recent book, "Humanizing Religion," discusses "The Recent Rise of Religious Humanism." He presents and interprets "The Humanist Manifesto," which appeared in the daily press, May 1, 1933. This "Manifesto" contains fifteen theses in which religious humanism delivers its ultimatum to theism. Among other things, Dr. Potter remarks: "Some readers were surprised to discover among the signers of the manifesto the name of John Dewey, who is generally reckoned, especially in other countries, as perhaps our leading philosopher and educator." He points out that Professor Dewey, for a long time, has been sympathetic toward humanism.

When Yale Divinity School invited Professor Dewey to deliver the Terry Lectures on Science and Religion, for 1934, he seized an opportunity he had long sought to present to an intelligent audience of theists his views on religious humanism. And, as may be imagined, he does this in his best philosophical style. "A Common Faith" contains a reaffirmation of the traditional creed of humanism distilled through the keen educational mind of Professor Dewey. The issue between religious humanism and theism, as he presents it, does not lie in the realm of ideas or ideals, but in the practical field of technology. He says:

> The point to be grasped is that, unless one gives up the whole struggle as hopeless, one has to choose between alternatives. One alternative is dependence upon the supernatural, the other the use of natural agencies.

In the struggle of human life, humanism rejects the supernatural and commits its fate to the exclusive use of "natural agencies." Professor Dewey makes this so clear that it is difficult to understand why so much controversy has arisen over his use of the word, "God." The problem which religious humanism confronts is psychological. Can the full dynamic power of the religious emotions of mankind be yoked to the promotion of the ideal phases of human life? Up to the present time, Professor Dewey confesses again and again that humanism has failed signally in its emotional appeal. This he believes is because theism has drawn the natural stock of emotional energy away from its real objectives and turned it to the support of theism and its other-world interests. The primary objective of this modern crusade is to rescue the holy nature of mankind from the enslaving grip of the infidel theist who does not believe in its divinity. If theism can be overthrown, this tremendous store of emotional energy then can be put to work to promote the ideal phases of human life.

In V. F. Calverton's "The Passing of the Gods," we find additional evidence of the crusading spirit of modern humanism. Communism is his social gospel, and Marxian philosophy, his theology. He closes his more than three hundred pages of passionate writing with these words:

> It should be obvious, therefore, that the only satisfactory and lasting solution to the ego problem in our age is to be found in communism.

And communism rests on the philosophy of Karl Marx. Of this, he writes:

> Marxism has contributed to social science a method of analysis that is as sound and significant as Newton's contribution to physical science or Darwin's to biological.

Marxian philosophy differs from other philosophy in the fact that it "aims not only to interpret but also to change society." And it is in its desire to change society that it seeks to yoke the religious emotional energy of theism to its social ideals. Through the devotion of its power-promising technique to securing for mankind his primary economic needs, religion gained its hold, Marxism claims. So:

> By teaching the masses to identify their interests with its own power-promising philosophy, Marxism has challenged religion at its very core. Marxism has become thus the great enemy of religion.

To the Marxian, the function of religion in life is very simple. Calverton states it thus:

> Its fundamental grip upon human mentality, therefore, was possible only because of the material end it served. It was not fear of the unknown which dictated its origin and evolution but fear of starvation, disease, and death.

The validity of Calverton's interpretation of the function of religion, depends upon the soundness of Marxian economic philosophy. So far as educational humanism and communistic humanism are concerned, it would be difficult to find their positions more brilliantly presented to the English-speaking world than in these books by Dewey and Calverton.

In spite of the radical differences among the varieties of humanism, there is one common bond which unites them. It is their opposition to theism. The one undying tenet of their faith which they have kept alive through all the centuries is the one with which Calverton closes his book. It is: "Religion is dying today, and the gods are passing." This requiem chant has been their traditional ritual. More than fifty years ago Swinburne put this belief into classical poetic form in his "Hymn to Man." The poem closes with these words:

> Thou art smitten, thou God, thou art smitten. Thy death is upon thee, O Lord:
> And the love-song of earth as thou diest, resounds through the wind of her wings:
> Glory to man in the highest, for man is the master of things.

This verse is quoted in "The Unknown God" by Alfred Noyes. Swinburne was a personal friend of the author, who devotes several pages to a most intimate study of his humanism. One incident should be read as Noyes describes it in his inimitable style. Many years after Swinburne's death Noyes was living in the vicinity of his old home at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. By that strange irony of fate that sometimes overtakes a too-daring prophet, his old home had become a convent. The Feast of the Sacred Heart was to be celebrated there, and our poet was invited to be present. As the procession of children in white and nuns in black circled the whole of the beautiful garden, and then knelt before a little flower-decked altar, conflicting emotions stirred within his breast. Then suddenly they were resolved into a harmony like that of a great Amen.

> And, as the pale faces were raised, "breathless in adoration," I saw once more the light that I had seen on the "anti-Christian" poet's face. It shone over the whole scene. . . . It seemed as though by some strange alchemy, the material elements of the place had been transfigured; and the light of the poet's presence was over all, as though he too was at peace and knew that all was well.

This poet recognizes the light that plays upon the pale faces of these nuns in "adoration," as the same light he saw illuminate the face of Swinburne years before when they talked together of their favorite poets and poems. The Catholic theologian would not have been able to see this similarity. His emotional zeal for the Faith would have obscured the spiritual quality of the light on Swinburne's face. The religious humanist never would have recognized the identity of this light. His emotional rage at the supernatural superstitions of the worshippers would have blurred for him the marks of its similarity. It is this unique gift of sight and insight that makes a great poet.

In, "The Unknown God," our author calls attention to frequent gleams of this same light as they break through the cumulus clouds of the thinking of the great agnostics, and with uncanny insight he traces this light to its source, which is invariably the great truth that organizes the emotional and intellectual life of every great agnostic—"one of the attributes of God, — the Unknown God — worshipped unawares by every agnostic or atheist who can think at all." This is a field in which the poet has an opportunity to fulfil one of his highest services as interpreter. The mental processes of his free creative spirit play naturally back and forth between the material and spiritual realms. So he is uniquely qualified to interpret the scientific mind to the religious: and the religious mind to the scientific. For not until these two mentalities understand each other better than these present writings indicate, will "A Common Faith For All Mankind," become a unifying reality.

The New Books

Biography

ULYSSES S. GRANT: The Great Soldier of America. By Robert R. McCormick. Appleton-Century. 1934. $5.

This volume is written with the deliberate purpose of clearing Grant of the "injustice to his memory due in part to unconscious political sentiment, but also to malicious and deliberate design" and "to bring out phases of Grant's accomplishments that have been belittled or ignored." To accomplish this object Colonel McCormick has produced an interesting and readable account of Grant's leadership and service in the war between the States.

The author writes earnestly to prove that Grant has been deliberately depreciated by many who, for one reason or another, considered him a lucky upstart rather than a competent soldier and leader. An assertive case is made for Grant though a better one could have been made had Colonel McCormick written critically from a more neutral point of view. Grant was a man of action, rather than one who allowed himself to be governed by events. By his own leadership he created situations that were favorable to his purposes. Before he met Lee, Grant was able to develop a technique of leadership and strategy and to become practised in the tactical handling of large bodies of troops engaged in active campaigning. Almost without exception, however, he had superior, well-equipped forces at his disposal. The author closes his defence with the remark that "Napoleon found a great army and great generals, and left neither. Grant found neither, and left both." Lee is generally recognized for the "master of war" that he was.

The narrative is based almost entirely on secondary sources. There is no bibliography, but there are twenty-nine useful maps and there is an index.

T. R. H.

Fiction

MR. COHEN TAKES A WALK. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $1.

This is a small Christmas gift book, the simple story of an old and successful Jew who wanders out into the countryside to muse upon his life, and spends his time doing charitable deeds. He is a lovable character, and the book is a gently humanitarian one. There is no great value to it as fiction. It is more of a modern tract.

W. R. B.

A PIN TO SEE THE PEEPSHOW. By F. Tennyson Jesse. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. $2.50.

The end can make or mar a novel. Most novels end weakly, tapering into nothingness three quarters of the way through. But "A Pin to See the Peepshow" is interesting chiefly because of the strength and nightmarish power of its final pages, pages that force one to go back to the beginning and search through the book for the causes of the catastrophic end, pages that leave with the reader a measure of revelation, a salutary sense of the value of ordinary life.

The story makes a comparison with "Madame Bovary" inevitable. It is as though Miss Jesse had restated the theme of Flaubert's novel and set out to work it through under modern conditions. "A Pin to See the Peepshow" is the story of Julia Starling, a foolish woman who brings her fate upon herself through her romantic dreamings. But Julia Starling is not a memorable figure. We follow her story with interest enough and we are appalled by her fate, but we are never able to see and judge her with the clear-cut detachment that makes our appraisal of Mme. Bovary an unforgettable experience. She is a little cheap, a little sordid, and Miss Jesse has not written of her life with the austerity and aloofness that invests banalities with ironic value. Miss Jesse, writing a plain story, and half-enlisting our sympathies with her heroine, has neglected various possibilities that would have made the first three quarters of the book more sharply telling, that could have given us more strongly a sense of the inevitability of the ending. As it is, the tragedy that closes the books seems imposed from without, solely by the author's will.

C. C.

YOU CAN'T SLEEP HERE. By Edward Newhouse. Macaulay. 1934.

Though presented as fiction, "You Can't Sleep Here" is largely autobiography, of the sort in which the author employs an imaginary narrator to tell his story. Mr. Newhouse knows from personal experience what it is to sleep on park benches, to quarter in flop-houses, and to live in a New York shanty colony. His novel relates vividly the various adventures of the narrator in this nether world of the unemployed, by which he is finally shaken out of a comfortable apathy into a determination to sacrifice himself for the proletarian revolution. The account is a simple case-history, without intellectual overtones or soap-box theatrics, and the manifest honesty of the writer does much to redeem the faults which his book reveals.

It is unfortunate, however, that Mr. Newhouse, with his rich background, could not give us something more than this, that he was not at least as interested in the psychology of the men with whom he associated as in the circumstances of their environment. What one wishes to learn from the novelist's experience is not merely how these men, driven beyond the pale of organized society, adjust themselves economically, but how they adjust themselves psychologically to their plight. There are a few casual words on the emotional solidarity that springs up betw[een] fellow sufferers, a few careless attempt[s] characterization, but they are feeble [and] carry little weight.

New York's "Hoovervilles" contain wealth of material for another "House of the Dead." But, alas! no second Dostoievsky has yet appeared.

L. J. H., JR.

International

FASCISM AND SOCIAL REVOLUTION. By R. P. Dutt. International. 1934. $2.25.

The role of fascism in contemporary politics is presented by this book as that of a stalking-horse for the proletarian revolution. As a good Leninist, the editor of the *British Labor Monthly* can perceive in the "iron-fisted harmony" of minority dictatorship only a further impulse to class struggle against a return to the kind of archeologic society that is represented by national self-sufficiency and rearmament.

Mr. Dutt reviews the case against fascism in somewhat emotional terms. His many facts add but little to the surveys of this type of government which have recently appeared; but he reëmphasizes the domination of the financial interests in Germany and Italy, while stigmatizing the organization of production in these countries as providing no solution for the technical difficulties inherent in modern conditions.

Yet it is by no means clear what form

(*Continued on page* 392)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
IT'S A GREAT RELIEF *Tully & Kloman* (Vanguard: $1)	Humor	Cartoons suggested by answers on relief applications. We didn't think they were very funny; our wife did.	???
THE OTHER LOVERS *Margaret Widdemer* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2)	Romance	Sequel to the popular romancer's "Years of Love." Lil Warner returns to find the village of her youth a smart suburb, but the gal's troubles were fundamentally the same. She fixes.	Nice
RED DEVIL OF THE RANGE *George Owen Baxter* (Macaulay: $2)	Western	A man's best pal is a horse, out thar.	Standard

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Books for Children

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FOR some people Christmas has become such an entirely lay holiday that the religious significance of it has dropped out of a good many modern homes. To those parents who wish to find for very young readers books that will convey religious instruction without priggishness and stodginess, I can recommend several. First there is "For a Little Child Like Me" (though I do not particularly like the title), by John Stirling, with excellent illustrations by Horace J. Knowles. The text is very simple, and the contents comprise "An Alphabet of the Life of Jesus," "Little Stories of the Saints," and a grace and blessing and several simple prayers to end with. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons and is non-sectarian. "Gospel Rhymes" (priced extremely reasonably at seventy-five cents) and "Six O'Clock Saints," by Joan Windham, both come from Sheed & Ward, Inc., the Catholic publishers now with offices in New York. The first-named book is a collection of various simple poems by different hands on episodes of the New Testament, parables, etc. Mrs. Gilbert K. Chesterton leads off the rhymes, and there are a number by T. V. Nicholas and Father Martindale, as well as others. The book has an appealing directness. Miss Windham has also succeeded in avoiding religiosity in relating some of the lives of the Saints for very young children.

Still remembering the younger children, but turning now to pure entertainment, "Your Own Animal Book" (the verse by Cragin Walker, the pictures by Frances MacBrayne), published by Blue Ribbon Books, Inc., with cut-out letters for putting your own name on the cover, is giddy with color, though most of the rhymes are bad. Still, infants aren't purists for rhyme. The brightly colored animals will be enough. A Junior Book in every way superior is "Humphrey: One Hundred Years Along the Wayside with a Box Turtle" (Doubleday, Doran). The story and pictures in this book are both by Marjorie Flack, and she carries her New England turtle through the years from 1834 on. The child gains some idea of the development of America from the story and cannot fail to be charmed along by the illustrations.

All children are interested in zoos and the animals in them. Not for infants, but a book every child of eight and over should look into before and after a trip to the zoo, is "The Book of Zoögraphy," by the famous Raymond L. Ditmars, illustrated by Helene Carter and published by J. B. Lippincott of Philadelphia. Dr. Ditmars is, of course, Curator of the New York Zoölogical Park. His exposition of where the various animals are found, and of their habits in their habitats, has the accompaniment of fascinating maps of all continents by Miss Carter. This is a book from which even an adult can glean much interesting information. It is a good quick-reference volume to have in the nursery or in father's library.

Scribner also has an English importation through Country Life, "Zong: A Hill Pony," by M. E. Buckingham, with pencil and pen sketches by K. F. Barker. This is the story of a little English boy and a little Tibetan horse, and the flavor of it—though not of course the style—reminds one dimly of the "Jungle Books." Bobby, the little boy, also has for pets a tame porcupine and a baby wild boar. "Zong" is a wild pony at first but Bobby learns how to manage him. This book is a companion one to the story of another Tibetan pony, "Phari." The illustrator can draw animals.

Thomas Y. Crowell puts forth two rather stereotyped companion books with uninspired illustrations, the first "Pablo and Petra: A Boy and Girl of Mexico," by Melicent Humason Lee, the other "Yasu-Bo and Ishi-Ko: A Boy and Girl of Japan," by Phillis Ayer Sowers. These simple and somewhat informative stories go along with others concerning a boy and girl in China and a boy and girl in Siam. The same firm publishes "Children of the Covered Wagon," by Mary Jane Carr, a badly illustrated Western story of the old Oregon Trail.

"The Wizard of Oz Waddle Book" should be a "must" on your shopping list and should delight a lot of children. The story-book characters can be removed and made to walk on an incline. Aside from this, this volume is probably the best of Baum's long list of Oz books. The original Denslow illustrations are here—though I've never thought much of them. However this is a play-book you can't afford to miss.

Grace Thomson Huffard and Laura Mae Carlisle, in collaboration with Helen Ferris, have compiled an anthology of poetry, both English and American, known as "My Poetry Book" (Philadelphia: John C. Winston). It is illustrated by Willy Pogany and carries an introduction by Booth Tarkington. It is the popular sort of thing, with section headings such as "At Our House," "When It's Time to Play," "Alone by Myself," etc. It is a great *mélange* of old and new verse, good, bad, and indifferent. A great many old favorites are included. It is a large book to sell at two dollars and a half. Among modern poets it has the good taste to include Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Rachel Lyman Field, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Walter de la Mare, Winifred Welles, Elinor Wylie, Genevieve Taggard, and Vachel Lindsay. But there are others not so good, and there are good and bad among the older poets.

I have always liked old English fairy-tales, and now that Thomas Nelson & Sons has a New York office, I welcome an American edition of "Fairies and Enchanters," a new book of such stories by the versatile Amabel Williams-Ellis, with a lot of illustrations by Wilma Hickson, which latter are dramatic although I don't particularly like their style. Even if you don't care much about hearing again of Wayland Smith, there is fresh material here, and the book is a good one for younger children, always provided that you believe in filling up a child's mind with legends; which I decidedly do, as a lot of them contain considerable wisdom. But, if you want realism for the younger ones, I don't think I can do better than recommend that fine adult novelist Phil Stong's "Farm Boy: A Hunt for Indian Treasure," a book that can boast admirable pictures (many in color) by Kurt Wiese. Here is conveyed, for boys and girls up to twelve, all the fun to be had on a real American farm. And the colored end-papers show just how it lies on the landscape. City children should take notice. Perhaps, however, the younger of them may prefer the slightly simpler and not so artistic (as to manufacture) story of "Cowboy Tommy's Roundup," as told, among the Junior Books of the same firm, and illustrated by Sanford Tousey who first started drawing for the old *St. Nicholas* League, and is now a well-known illustrator. Tommy's grandfather lives in the West where he keeps a store and has a ranch, and Mr. Tousey has made a really good picture book about it for small people up to nine years.

In a former one of these articles I mentioned John J. Floherty's "Fire Fighters" as a good book of photographs accompanied by text. This is the modern kind of picture-book for children above ten years old; and now Mr. Floherty treats us to a camera trip with the transport planes in "'Board the Airliner" (Doubleday, Doran). The brief text is excellently clear and interesting, and the photographs claim even adult attention. This series of books keeps the child abreast of modern activities, and I hope Mr. Floherty will do a lot more.

No less a writer than the poet Witter Bynner has supplied the rhymes to Julia Ellsworth Ford's "Snickerty Nick and the Giant" (Los Angeles: Suttonhouse). The illustrations are by Arthur Rackham and the music by Arthur Ridgway. This play for children was acted by children in Hollywood, and the address of Suttonhouse is 523 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles. The acting rights are reserved by the author.

Finally, let me put a "ripple of laughing rhyme" to this paper for a pendant, and say that Lysbeth Boyd Borie's "David Has His Day" (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott), illustrated by Frank Dobias, is a gay and quite amusing little book of simple verse such as a small boy might make up if he were careful of rhymes. David is the younger brother of that Peter for whom Miss Borie wrote "Poems for Peter."

The Compleat Collector

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In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich.

A Fine Chaucer

CHAUCER: CANTERBURY TALES. Rendered into Modern English by J. U. Nicolson. With illustrations by Rockwell Kent and an introduction by G. H. Gerould. New York: Covici-Friede. 1934. $3.75.

THE "renderer" of this new version of Chaucer's poem calls it a "diluted drink," but at the same time, and with due humility he explains why he offers it to modern readers. Without the necessary erudition to criticize the result, I can say at least that he has made Chaucer readable and he has kept much of the flavor of Chaucer's English. There is pertinence here, for in 1930 the same publishers issued a modern rendering which was not acceptable even to the casual reader of Chaucer, and issued it with a grandiose flourish in the way of size which was only redeemed by the full-page pictures by Mr. Kent.

At that time it was apparent that the pictures, while forceful, interesting, and executed with great skill, suffered from the unusual fault of being too big. It is therefore now possible to say definitely that they were much too large: the reproductions in the present volume are what they should be. And for better measure, new ones have been added.

It seems incredible that this book of 640 large pages, with its 25 pictures printed in two colors (besides several other decorations), set in good type, and attractively bound, can be sold for $3.75. To congratulate the publishers would seem to be hailing disaster, but it is *the* book of the year at a ridiculously low price.

"Lysistrata" and "Scandal"

ARISTOPHANES' "LYSISTRATA." Translated, with an introduction, by Gilbert Seldes. Illustrated by Picasso. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1934.

SHERIDAN'S "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL." Introduction by Carl van Doren. Hand-colored etchings by René Ben Sussan. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1934.

MR. SELDES'S version of "Lysistrata" has been presented in a large thin quarto form, printed in a large Caslon type. The format has been determined by Picasso's illustrations, which perhaps share with the translator in the interest—I am not competent to judge as to the merits of the translation. But the line drawings are in their way notable. One is tempted to compare line drawings of classical subjects with Sir John Flaxman's superb work: but this is hardly fair. *Autre temps autres mœurs.* Picasso's work has none of the frigidity of Flaxman's, and is more suited to the freer air in which, perhaps, "Lysistrata" is now read—if it is read at all. The unshaded line work is here in these pictures—but there is the same difficulty in throwing back across the centuries to catch the Greek spirit. One feels the effort in the drawings: and time may prove whether Picasso or Flaxman had the surer touch.

Sheridan's play, on the other hand, probably because it is so much nearer to our time, is presented in a more friendly guise. Mr. Francis Meynell, of the Nonsuch Press, has designed the book, which has been printed in Baskerville type at the Oxford University Press. The paper is a remarkably soft and flexible sheet, and the shape is a comfortable small folio, loosely bound in figured paper wrapped over boards.

The illustrations by René Ben Sussan are a distinct addition to the volume. Drawn with much spirit, and quite in the style of the XVIIIth century, they add a colorful quality to a book which has typographically a good deal of color. The result is a lively, vigorous sort of volume, in key with its subject and yet modern—a good job.

Le Morte Darthur

SIR THOMAS MALORY: Le Morte Darthur. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. *Two vols.* $50.

THE "noble and joyous boke entytled le morte darthur notwythstandying it treateth . . . of his noble knyghtes of the Rounde Table . . . and the dolorous deth . . . of them all" is a book of perennial interest. Who "Sir Thomas Malory" (no one, I think, has ascribed the book to Sir Francis Bacon!) was is not certainly known, but since Caxton first put the romances into type in 1485 it has been steadily if not frequently reprinted. To 1890 it had seen thirteen editions, and three years later appeared the first of the serial issues of Beardsley's illustrations for the Dent edition. He followed Caxton—*via* R. Southey, 1817. All other modern editions have followed Wynkyn de Worde's second edition: the present reprint is of de Worde's first edition of 1498, of which only one copy (and that not quite perfect) exists, in the John Rylands Library at Manchester. Sommer's reprint of Caxton, with its definitive critical apparatus, stands as a final modern edition, while this present issue of de Worde's text restores that particular version from a unique and not easily accessible copy.

The present printing is a library edition, the text alone being printed, without critical or explanatory notes of any sort. It is Malory and nothing else. In a brief note on the text used and the manner of handling certain typographic details, the publishers state that "it (*i.e.*, the John Rylands book) is the second of the three most important editions . . . bridging the gap between Caxton's *editio princeps* of 1485 and that printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1529; and it explains some of the many differences between them."

It not only furnishes the text of de Worde, but it also, for the first time, reproduces all of the "crude but vigorous" wood cuts with which that edition was provided: the first attempt ever made at illustrating a text throughout. These illustrations are so much more pertinent to the story, so much more fitting as pictures for "Le Morte Darthur," that they might explain why Beardsley got tired of the job of drawing his pictures before the work was well under way! If they have not been touched up in any way, and I assume that they have not been, they show a bold draftsmanship and good printing in the de Worde volume, for they are here well reproduced.

The printing of the two volumes now before me has been done by the Shakespeare Head Press in Oxford. The type is a fair size of Caslon, with Cloister Old Style, and a fine large roman capital letter. Rubrication is elaborate throughout the volumes for initials and headings. The paper is a stout English hand-made. The presswork seems excellent: there is good craftsmanship throughout. The binding is in full red leather with gold stamping, but without decoration. There is too much deckle edge apparent, and the gold tops are a little out of place.

This is perhaps the handsomest edition of Le Morte Darthur which has been issued, and in respect of text, illustrations, and printing it deserves attention. For a high standard in printing there are few presses which can equal the Shakespeare Head; this is a fine example of its work.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASES OF SUSAN DARE *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Crime Club: $2.)	Female mystery story writer brings deductive skill and intuition to play in solving "real" life murders, risking her own life to boot.	Atmosphere of terror and sharp workmanlike plots maintain this author's high standard. Material here for six full length detective novels.	Recommended
DEATH IN B-MINOR *Jean Lilly* (Dutton: $2.)	Host of house party shot as July 4th crackers boom and Liszt chords thunder. Dist. Att. solves it.	Good writing and interesting plot but, Gad!, how countless characters clutter it up.	Confusing

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Double-Crostics: Number 39

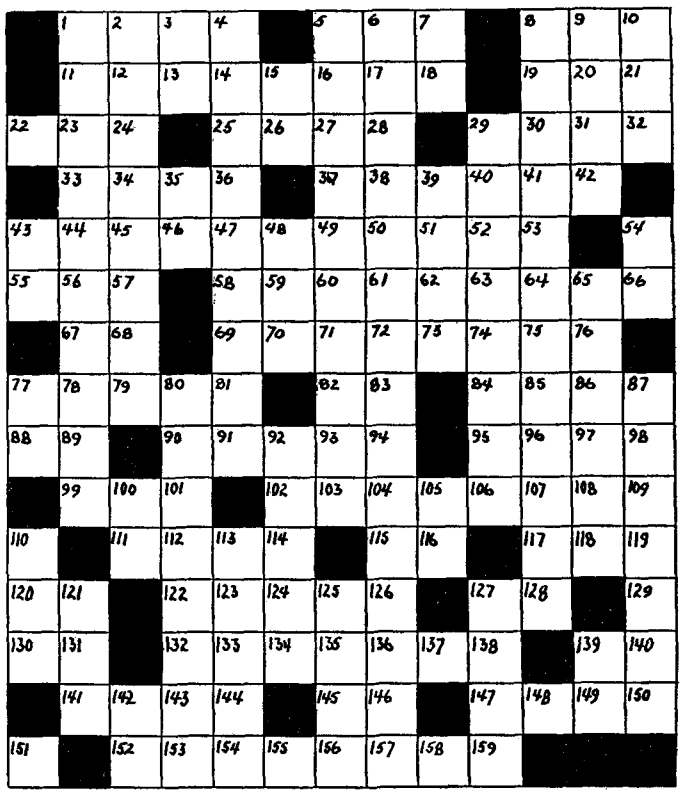
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 87-2-83-11-72-58-103-91-111. A crawling creature.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 29-101-110-62. An opening between woven threads.	_ _ _ _
III. 152-125-15-21-4. European dramatist (1828-1906).	_ _ _ _ _
IV. 134-5-1-157-109-94. Profuse, extravagant.	_ _ _ _ _ _
V. 159-123-105-135-32-20. Situated at a distance.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VI. 51-40-13-71-9-22-60-148-129-133-98. Fraternal association.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 49-16-153-41-34-23. Declaimed bombastically.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 30-14-47-59-154-93-132-75-117-39-146. Unusual (comp.)	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 156-70-46. Egg of a parasitic insect.	_ _ _
X. 126-12-108-50-61-74-38. Scene of dramatic events.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 131-128-76-53-96-127-116-150. A poem by Keats.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 107-97-31-155-80. Discolored, as by a bruise.	_ _ _ _ _
XIII. 118-28-99-55-113-137-33-79-44-89. Acquisition.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 36-77-142-24-100-145-104-19-119-63-149-35-138. Swaggering.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 144-112-102-52-48-85-37-92-158-64. Dinner at fixed price.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 86-27-65-81-56-147-43-106-10. Absence of energy.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 3-122-73-95. Impression, thought, or conception.	_ _ _ _
XVIII. 17-140-121-6-78-42-136-88-25-67-130-115. A neutral.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 7-90-141-124-66-84-54-151-114-120-143-139. State of gushing.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XX. 68-26-45-8-18-82-69-57. Stopping of work in a factory.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 38)

OWEN MEREDITH—"THE WANDERER"

The ages roll
Forward, and forward with them draw my soul
Into Time's infinite sea
And to be glad, or sad, I care no more:
But to have done, and to have been, before
I cease to do and be.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Advertisements must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

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CLERK in early forties, waking up with accumulation of ideas, some sociological, mostly minor inventions, would like to meet someone looking for investment in character. Box 142-A.

Wouldn't some WRITER like to rent for work during the day an attractive studio apartment in Murray Hill section; rental very nominal. Box 147-A.

REALLY Effective Tutoring — American, English, and German trained tutor available. Box M.

MIDDLE-AGED professional woman, literary interests, radical sympathies, philosophical attitude toward life, small, animated, serious and gay, big faults but, her friends say, with personal charm, longs for friendship of congenial man. Box 154-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, Jewish, would be interested to hear from someone who cares for books, the theater, music and possessing sense of humor. Box 155-A.

EPISCOPAL—Clergyman's daughter, formerly Primary teacher, living in Valley of Va., wants the care of two young children. Very reasonable. Box 156-A.

WANTED—Linguaphone records. German, French, Spanish. Price must be reasonable. Box 157-A.

PERSONALS

MATRON and practical nurse desired at boys' select boarding school near Philadelphia. Moderate salary. Send photo and credentials. Box E.

BERTRAND. What if I have sent several gift subscriptions to the Review at their special $3.00 Christmas rate? My friends will appreciate it, and besides I have already received my copy of "Literary Cartoons." I like it, so there! Priscilla.

FURNISHED three-room apartment *in* the Bronx but not *of* it. Convenient to trains and subway. Telephone SEdgwick 3-1775 before nine A. M., Christmas week.

AND AGAIN A MERRY CHRISTMAS. The Mixers.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TOO. The Mixers.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON—Wanted all rare first editions and association copies of Robinson or any unusual items. Howard Schmitt, 1481 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

ANYONE'S correspondence would be warmly welcomed. Ruth.

WANTED—Someone experienced, to make short title catalogue, private library, preparatory to offering same for sale. Approximately one thousand volumes. Limited amount to spend. Box 158-A.

AM DESIROUS of meeting few serious minded women in 40s for the purpose of forming a small reading group, which shall be non-sectarian in character. Box 159-A.

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"Talk of nothing but business, and despatch that business quickly."

Aldus's stern admonition from the door of his printing office gave us an idea when we ran across it again the other day. We decided to be brief—to deal in facts. . . .

1. Until midnight, on Saturday, January 5th, you can continue to take advantage of our Special Christmas Gift Rates on *The Saturday Review* —ONE to FOUR subscriptions at $3.00 each with even more attractive rates on larger quantities.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

25 West 45th St., New York City

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THOSE who are fortunate enough to own the other Random House Nonsuch one-volume editions of certain great authors, will welcome the latest, "Gulliver's Travels, and Selected Prose and Verse," by Jonathan Swift. This offers "Gulliver" complete and unabridged, reprinted for the first time from the 1735 text, the only one that Swift himself corrected. As well as other matter there are also extracts from "The Journal to Stella," the "Poems," textual notes, and a chronological table. The editing has been done by *John Hayward*. The book is, as usual, beautiful both in binding and typography. The latest Modern Library volume in the ninety-five cent series is the *J. W. Mackail* translation of Virgil's work, comprising The Aeneid, Eclogues, and Georgics. The introduction for this volume is written by *Charles L. Durham*, Ph.D., Professor of Latin at Cornell University. . . . I hear excellent things of "The American Theatre as Seen by Its Critics, 1752-1934," published by W. W. Norton and edited by *John Mason Brown* and *Montrose J. Moses*. . . . *Thornton Wilder's* new novel, "Heaven Is My Destination," the January selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, is to be published by Harper on January second. It is also the choice of the English Book Society. . . . *Roy Helton* believes that the world today worships the future too much, and that this is the cause of most of our distress. The day after Thornton's book appears the same firm will issue Helton's "Sold Out to the Future." At least, his is an interesting theory. . . . The January selection of the Literary Guild is *Anthony Thorne's* "Delay in the Sun." Doubleday, Doran is just publishing it. This young author loved Spain and was happy there. "Delay in the Sun," they say, has recaptured its color, scent, and sound. . . . *Doris Leslie*, the author of "Full Flavour," is one of the few authors who does not typewrite but writes with a pen. She has therefore just insured her right hand for a considerable sum. She says she is always terrified of accident to it, particularly as she does a good deal of horseback riding and drives a car. . . . There is now a National Poetry Center at Rockefeller Center, on the forty-fourth floor of the RCA building, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. . . . *Burton Stevenson's* "The Home Book of Quotations, Classical and Modern" (Dodd, Mead) is a most remarkable achievement and will doubtless reach a great and deserved sale, as it supersedes in comprehensiveness all other volumes of quotations. The manuscript for it was one of the largest in the history of publishing. . . .

I have received the following sonnet from *Joseph Lewis French*, well known as a prose anthologist:

TO ALICE BROWN

In darkling deeps, my spirit's sepulchre,
I felt a ray that pierced those depths divine,
And "entering defeat as 'twere a shrine,"
Bade cease the tumult of the days that were.
Far sounding thence I heard the dividing year
Call cleaving down the slope where no stars shine.
I knew the voice, dear life, 'twas only thine;
I heard thy wings and smelt the breath of myrrh.

And yet 'twas song's grace only. From our dark
There gleams no ray but this. Ah, hopeless here,
We strive and sever; in drear ways and stark
We vex our toil with visions of that sphere
Whence beams an oracle which none may know
Save him whose heart hath wept the immortal woe.

The Stephen Daye Press of Brattleboro, Vermont, has got out "The Green Mountain Cook Book," by *Aristene Pixley*. This is a collection of Vermont's most famous recipes, and they range all the way from hot biscuits and maple syrup (Yum!) through ham-baked-in-cider, brussels-sprouts-and-chestnuts and maple-sugar-cream-cake, to spruce beer and raspberry vinegar. If you are using the Hay diet, the best book of recipes of which is published by Scribner's you may not dare try Miss Pixley's book—but I'm all for it. . . . *MacKinlay Kantor* is working on a new novel which will be laid in the pioneer days of the famous Spirit Lake massacre on the Iowa-Minnesota border line. . . .

In the November 10th issue the poem by Robert Frost entitled "Ungathered Apples" unfortunately contained a misprint. I reprint it here in the correct version.

A scent of ripeness from over a wall.
There, sure enough, stood an apple tree
Of all but its trivial foliage free
And breathing light as a lady's fan.
And there there had been an apple fall
As complete as the apple had given man.
The ground was one circle of solid red.
May something go always unharvested,

Much, much stays out of our stated plan—
Apples or something forgotten and left
So smelling their sweetness would be no theft.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Congratulation to our old bookseller-friend Ike Mendoza of Ann Street, who celebrates his septuagint December 23. ☞As combination birthday and Christmas gift we suggest for him a dish of Baked Oysters in Shell Bourguignonne as prepared by his neighbor André's restaurant down on Frankfort Street. ☞The seasoning of those oysters is shallot, garlic, parsley, the snail-butter, bread crumbs, white wine and Cayenne pepper. ☞And the flavor is exactly the same as (intellectually) that most admirable book of Frank Swinnerton's *The Georgian Scene*—which also serves up a great many British oysters baked to the last perfection of keen savor. ☞Every year Old Quercus commends the best of all Christmas cards (at any rate for an elderly philologue to send to any radiant contessina)—the message written on Xmas Eve 1513 by Fra Giovanni (who was he?) to the lovely Allagia degli Aldobrandeschi. It is printed on a heavy 6 x 9 by the Yale University Press, sold at $3.50 the dozen. ☞We liked Goodspeed's (Boston) caption in a recent catalogue: *New Books That We Are Tired of Seeing Around*. How often every bookseller has said just that.

☞For the collector a delightful present would be *New Paths in Book Collecting* (Scribner's, $3.00), a vigorous collection of bibliophilies by various hands including John Carter, this *Review's* own John T. Winterich, P. H. Muir, Michael Sadleir, David Randall, and others. Mr. Carter discusses Detective Fiction as a collector's hobby. Dave Randall, dealing with American Firsts 1900-1933, remarks on the plummeting nose-dive performed by Hergesheimer and Cabell as collected items; and thinks they are as absurdly underrated now as they were ten years ago inflated. ☞It is an intelligent and sprightly little book; if Scribners' had printed it themselves (it's imported from Britain) they would surely have spelled Lloyd Osbourne's name correctly. ☞We heartily agree with Alfred Paine (the Salt Water Bookseller, 336 Lexington Ave.) in his comment on a first of Bowditch's *Navigator*, printed at Newburyport, 1802. Paine says "This is the type of book which is consistently underestimated by collectors."

☞One of the brightest spots in recent books is the opening sentence of the Introduction to *Skin Deep* by M. C. Phillips of Consumer's Research: "The reader of this book who has never heard of Consumer's Research will no doubt ask, 'What is this organization, so frequently referred to?'" (Two people we showed this to didn't get it immediately, but it came to them on a second reading.) We trust Miss Phillips's reader got his answer, and that he will ask some more interesting questions.

☞Here's hoping that Original Editions, the new venture of Hastings Harcourt, will sell many of those good books we liked when they were first published but which, for one reason or another, never deafened a bookseller with the incessant ringing of the bell in his cash register. Some of them were written for limited and appreciative audiences, and many were smothered by competitive ballyhoo. ☞Jack Mullen, with Alfred A. Knopf for the past fifteen years, joins the sales force of the Viking Press on Jan. 1. He will cover the Middle West and share N. Y. C. with Mike McClintock.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 389)

of rule the author prefers: "bourgeois democracy" and socialism are alike discarded; but even in the Soviet Union it should be apparent that tension has been allied to technique, and that a martial spirit has replaced public debate on matters affecting the common weal. In general, however, the book is a sound polemic sourcebook on the evils of a single party control and on the ineptitudes of so-called business leaders.

Miscellaneous

OUR CAT. By Baron Ireland. Doubleday, Doran, 1934. $2.

If you are a New Yorker you will have already made the acquaintance of Baron Ireland's cat named "Krazy" in F. P. A.'s famous "Conning Tower" in the New York *Herald Tribune*. If not, you should do so at once in this book, and even those who have read of Krazy from time to time will want his history in permanent form. Krazy is all cat; and as well as the accurate record kept of him by the Baron, you have here the very good cat illustrations of Harry Hanson Lees. Baron Ireland has written about Krazy in some of the most satisfactory light verse of our time, and this complete history should go right to the heart of all the humans who own cats.

W. R. B.

SOUTH OF THE SUN. By Russell Owen. Day. 1934. $2.50.

This volume by the reporter for the *New York Times* attached to the first Byrd Antarctic Expedition, belongs to that rare group of books which describe what an expedition was; not what it did. This South Polar diary of Little America should appeal to those who enjoy adventure, to those who appreciate skilful and sensitive prose; and it should be of particular value to those who are interested in their fellow man, to the sociologist and to the psychologist. "South of the Sun" is the case history of an expedition.

Russell Owen's book is also an answer to those people who, vague about the aims and results of the expedition itself, are on the other hand vitally interested in the daily life of the members. How did the men live? What did they eat? How did they dress? Did they take baths, and how often? Was it cold? Were there quarrels? Was it fun? What did they talk about? Why did they join up? What was the land like?

The impression one gathers from reading this book is of how different the South Polar regions are from the North Polar. In the latter the land supports men, animals, and plant life, and these are constantly referred to in the diaries; in the former the land is barren, it is a dead continent "where men have no right to live."

Yet they did live there in a mixed group, closely confined for long intervals, existing in crowded quarters where privacy was a luxury to be found only on solitary walks. "Men from every possible corner of life, who had nothing in common and who, with few exceptions, would never see each other again, here were tossed into this cloistered and isolated life, dependent on each other's whims. And yet, somehow we became a community, learned to value each other's good qualities, and cultivated tolerance which we could never have achieved at home . . . An expedition is enlightening."

J. M.

Brief Mention

A convenient and interesting manual of important American skyscrapers with description and historical text will be found in *Building to the Skies*, by Alfred C. Bossom (New York: Studio Publications: $4.50). * * * Another book highly technical in itself but with extremely interesting illustrations is the *Rumeileh*, being a record of excavations in Ainshem (Palestine), Part III, by Elihu Grant, Haverford College. This is an important contribution to the sources of archeological study. * * * We note among books that will interest particular readers, S. K. Winther's *Eugene O'Neill, a Study* (Random House: $2), Havelock Ellis's *My Confessional; Questions of our Day*, which is a reprinting of articles published in a periodical (Houghton Mifflin: $2.50), *The Complete Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson* in one volume (William H. Wise & Co.: $3.50). * * * Among source books recently published one of unusual value is *Documents of American History*, edited by Henry Steele Commager (Crofts: $4). This book contains the basic decisions, programs, the acts, and proclamations of our national history with equivalent documents from the Colonial period. As the editor says, "Here are the fundamental sources of American history which all students of the subject read about, but for the most part, have not read." * * * Important in the literature of international relations is Russell M. Cooper's just published *American Consultation in World Affairs for the Preservation of Peace* (Macmillan: $3.50). James T. Shotwell has written the introduction. * * * A convenient manual of the new government organizations which are so numerous as to be puzzling will be found in *New Federal Organizations: An Outline of Their Structure and Functions*, by Laurence F. Schmeckebier (Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C.: $1.50). * * * Four travel books have recently appeared among which some readers should find what they want. The able dramatic critic of *The New York Times*, Brooks Atkinson, has narrated his adventures in strange ports and seas under the name of the steamer which carried him, *The Cingalese Prince* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.50). Or there is Ben James's *The Secret Kingdom: An Afghan Journey* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.75), with very interesting pictures. Or *Two Young Men See the World* (Houghton Mifflin: $4), with 133 illustrations, the travel journey of Stanley Unwin and Severn Storr, which goes pretty nearly everywhere, east, west, north, and south. And last, one of those books of life and hunting in the Indian jungle which never lose their attraction for many readers however often they are written. This one is called *Hunter's Moon*, by Leonard Handley (Macmillan: $5).

2 Ideas

FOR LAST-MINUTE SHOPPERS!

For instance, for anyone who reads with bright zest and delighted eye the works of **Christopher Morley**, there's the leather-bound volume of **ESSAYS**, leisurely discourses on people, places, life and letters. A boon companion for January, February, March and April evenings! $2.50

And wouldn't you like to help someone discover **Alexander Smith's** book of essays, **DREAMTHORP**, of which we have just printed an attractive new edition, and for which Christopher Morley has written a little masterpiece of an introduction. "Imagine Charles Lamb crossed with, say, Ik Marvel and you have this man Smith. Why he is so little read is one of those mysteries. Perhaps the new edition will change that."—Joseph Henry Jackson, San Francisco *Chronicle*. $1.50

Doubleday, Doran

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